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Hubert G. Norman.

Hubert G. Norman.

THE

Troubles

OF A

GOOD HUSBAND.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

"*MEMENTO MORI.*"

"A beacon to shew where the rock lies, that I split upon."

Northampton:

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AH

Introduction.

I hope the reader will indulge no antipathy against what I have said, under a supposition that I am prejudiced against the sex; some, it is true, may have this weakness for want of patiently examining the story, though to satisfy their minds I affirm, that the neighbourhood where Providence has cast my lot, is honoured with many good wives; women of more worth than many rubies, but I dare not say there are no imprudent ones. If this book should be read by the latter, I wish

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it may have the desired effect of benefiting the troubled husband, by rectifying the evils of a trying wife. Be assured, ladies, I cannot listen to those husbands who charge their own faults upon their wives, and though they are called the stronger vessel, disparage themselves by setting the weakest vessel the worst example. I make no doubt many a wife would be better, if the man would condescend to mend the husband. It must be confessed, that some who find fault with their wives by exposing the defects they ought to conceal, lay themselves open to the keenest censure, and ought to have their lips closed in silence, because they are bad husbands.

I have not a word to say about my name; except I present a few conjectures about some qualities I possess, venturing thus to speak, though it may appear very extraordinary that this undaunted age should produce so much

anonymous genius. Yet, time will wear out this mode, as it has outlived the prolific day of fulsome dedication to the gay and great.—Here I congratulate the reviewers that time will solve all their difficulties, for

"All that man holds, hangs by a slender twine.
By sudden chance the strongest things decline;

Reluctant that any one should know more than I do of myself, until time discloses all things, I refuse to drop my mask, and whoever choses to tear off this shield and exposes a tender face to rude fingers, cannot be my friend in a scribbling generation. Though I recollect a kind hostess describing my person to a venerable divine, who came to enquire what stranger had taken shelter under her roof for the night, whom he understood had been to his house in vain for admittance. "Why, Sir, we have

only one strange gentleman, and he has lank black hair, all gone behind, for he has none before. His forehead goes up, falling back like our steeple; he is high of bone and low of flesh. When he talks, he stares at you, and he carries his arms as nobody in this large town does. His face is as if somebody had trampled upon it with nailed shoes, yet, so pleasant, that I cannot keep my eyes off him. Bless you, sir, shall I call him down; for he is gone up to bed. He will bear examining, I am sure he was born before many blocks, for he will have the quickness to look, and the civility to come at a word," "Good woman, I cannot conceive who he is, by the strange description you give." "No sir! see there stands his boots, they are like his legs, widest at the top. That's his whip, he had a pillion behind him, for it appears he is accustomed to ride first. The horse lives for him, for he has given it a gallon of corn, and saw its rack

stuffed with our best hay, and though his horse had as much water as it could drink, he had not a drop of gin, rum, brandy, or wine." If this description will be of any service to the inquisitive, they are welcome to its assistance in tracing the author.

There are many reasons which induce me to conceal my name, and I beg the knowing to prove whether I take this step through shame, craft, sapience, charity, humility, or prudence.

If I could make folly appear as ugly as it really is, and raise the thoughtless to sober reflection, it would afford satisfaction; but reflection says perhaps they will jostle me in return, by adding to my trouble and cost. I wish, therefore, to present myself as a common man possessed of some degree of common sense.

The attentive and intelligent reader will discover whether the author has an

inventive genius, to fix his ground work properly upon the experience of others, and improve their observations by original additions of his own, and follow the example of individuals only as far as accordant with his own circumstances and duty.

Others may remember the words of *Sabinus*, and affirm :

" Some silly scribblers soon their pages fill,
" Let care and labour regulate my quill."

And I would answer in the lines of *Stegelius* :

" Some toil and sweat to eleborate rhyme,
" Let no such care or labour waste my time."

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THE

TROUBLES

OF

A GOOD HUSBAND.

IF fondness for travelling and a partiality to every new place, were a creditable characteristic, if freedom of mind, a bold and independent disposition, incapable of stooping to notice trifling embarrasments, if an eagerness for intelligence, an active temper, an indifferency of comfort and superfluities, with a hasty spirit and warm impatience, form the character of man, I feel a full conviction I was not deficient. My days

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commenced harmonious. For no calculations had I ever made of the necessaries and ills of life, until nature's demands pressed with relentless hands. Hence arose the desire to be empowered with an equality of purse to my station, and some degree of influence in the connection where I was placed and compelled to move, and my mind became fixed to what millions judge the charmless engagements of a settled life.

In due time, my parents endowed my person with those monied and landed charms, which allure so powerfully, and even render an idiot respectable; the absence of which divested the inspired Apostles of honour, and rendered the Saviour of the world destitute of all respectability in the eyes of the selfish and carnal.

My father never apologized for my youth; never admitted it was a day to sow the wild oats, for he had wisely calculated what an extensive crop was likely to follow so early and consequently so long a seed-time. Though I never was seen in a theatre, and

but once intoxicated, and I believe never swore an oath, by no means addicted to gambling, and never overset tables, nor broke windows, nor spoiled my best clothes, nor got into a watch-house, "as fun up to the eyes," yet I was a man.

These follies never could become deforming vices in me; for I was rather treated as a pitiful creature that kept out of every manly dust. Ever regarding the sage counsel,

"'Tis brave to meet the world, steadfast among
"Whole crowds, and not be carried with the throng."

I considered myself a Gentleman of some fortune, and the lady for whom I had some predilection, was in a fair way to be wealthy. Her father was a good liver (when compared with the bad,) frugal, and possessed of a good estate, and gave his children a genteel, if not a good education. Miss B—— rose above her school mates, and dressed well, had a fine exterior, and the visits and notice of good company. She was addressed by a gentleman of no fortune, though of

good education, character, and connexions; but I perceived Miss B—— resolved not to marry him, no, not she, for her resolution was to have a man of superior understanding, and until then a train of admirers to bear her up.

"But I forbear to call him blest,
"Who only boasts a large estate."

One beau after another were overlooked. She knew not how to choose a man that was in the way to be useful in society and respectable, though she could understand when a man is called rich. Many wondered how it was that Miss B—— above all other ladies could not select one to suit herself out of many admirers. But they had forgotten, or could not understand, that it is impossible to collect the heart divided into so many particles. Deterred, I stood gently breathing at a distance, under the oppressive conviction, that decayed teeth form a great evil, a blighted character, worse,—and coquetry the essence of them all, not to be remedied or borne, for who can concentrate scattered affections.

I began to grow old, and had not yet found a lady to my mind. Still I was nice; for I had not seen the woman I could truly love, and thought it better to live single, than to marry the lady I could not fancy. Fancy I considered a standing and necessary friend, to suport me through life, having the faculty of compounding ideas by the senses; call it a liking or fondness; mere humour, whim, or caprice; something, nothing, or invention, which pleases. I am sure it is frequently master and mistress in the journey of life. For what is a man without his senses, but a creature without understanding, or destitute of a capacity of being affected by good or ill, by arguments or pity, reason or justice; but as the senses are pleased or offended, so they transmit their notices or perceptions to the mind; and what is man without mind? I began to fret over the loss of time, and tease myself, by daily supposing I was more difficult than wise. But one day when passing over two roads, I stumbled upon the gayest lady and the largest trial ever man met with. A fine polish, a fine mould, a good glass, a fine work of nature, and every

thing to satisfy every engagement I could make. I imagined I saw inconceivable dignity in the folds of her garment.

If I determined to be rich and happy, it was now, or never! I threw down, and with the utmost facility, stepped over a thousand *pros* and *cons*, hurried to the lovely female. A fortune, a fortune! My head and heart were so full of the good choice, and so enraptured with the kind fortune, that I could scarcely sleep. So enamoured was my foolish soul, that I could not stop to take my breath, unless I was sure of success; and in a few months the whole business was brought about. My mind was brought to its stay, a hundred men could not move it, for I should have stamped the dolt in the dust that dared to suggest I should be ruined by making a fortune!

If, for a moment, a mere peradventure dared to leap into my head, it was stifled by the grappling argument, and the anticipated comforts that at all events, I should be as well off as my neighbours, for I saw half the town was taken in, on one side the question or the other.

A step lost here, I thought, would be as fatal as in a mathematical demonstration. Yet I cannot forget the hint in the World Without Souls, though unfortunate for me, the author wrote a few years too late for the Troubled Husband, to avail himself of the doctrine, "That, though there is a contrast of voice, manner, and character, displayed by two combatants in the war of words," yet these two things are obvious concerning them; they are man and wife, and that one is under the influence of religion, and the other unacquainted with it. "Marriage is like some exquisite instrument which can be tuned only by the hand of heaven." God who made the hearts alone can harmonize them, by the infusion of common views, hopes, and joys.

"To give retired home a zest peculiar,
"And the vast sum of intercourse enlarge."

Think ye that all of conjugal delights
Concentre in the limitable span
Of sensitive enjoyments, or the round
Of modish or of fashionable vice?
The joys of love from other sources spring;

T' embrace reciprocally dear, friendship,
And amity, and peace, with love of home.
Taste they domestic happiness who roam
With ever-restless feet from scene to scene,
And live if life be not a prostituted term,
In other dwellings, rather than their own;
Or made the jaunting tour, impress some friend
Or friends to cheer their solitary home?
Know they the matchless joys of wedded love
Who dread each other's presence, and rejoice
When the blest hour of separation comes,
That unrestricted either may pursue
What interest or pleasure may recline;
Who forced by sheer convenience, customs, law,
And fear of shame, brook every galling chain.

Though it is true, my hands had often been clasped in the attitude of devotion, before it was possible for me to know the object of worship; yet having arrived at an age, when our opinion is too apt to sit loosely upon us, I found that though the earliest feelings seem to take a deeper hold, still mine were ready to give way for any new object.

My passions were strong, my imaginations warm, and my energy ever awake, every day gave birth for some

new schemes, and I was restless till some object or employment was found to seize and fill my mind. This quick perception increased the anxiety for marriage with one by whose side I placed myself as ever determning to be rich and happy, when I discovered a lady that pleased my mind.

Now at a later period than ever I expected, I verily thought the lady I had selected had love, and if her heart was in my hands, I could mould it as I pleased. But I soon saw, that if I attempted to touch the string of religion, she flew into the very extreme of pelagianism ; I therefore found there was nothing within to answer the wish of my heart, and it seemed impossible to carry on a mental commerce by bartering one idea for another, when our goods rather burdened than suited each other. Now thought I, I am doomed to walk alone as a pilgrim and stranger in the world.

But why did I heedless trust the flattering sight ?

If my wife conducted herself with propriety it appeared without any motive,

or I feared a false one. The effect upon my mind was most distressing. For I could neither force the way to her heart by argument, nor soften her mind by the kindest treatment. And though I entreated, I was defamed.—And this I found

"Bear and forbear,—an adage true,
"As h[illegible]om ever drew;
"That this I've practis'd through my life,
"I h[illegible] a witness in my wife;
"For tho' she'd sometimes cry and scold,
"I seldom would a parly hold."

I saw one duty remained, *that I should never lose my best temper, because she had lost hers;* and now my hope in a thousand respects, was

"Like some fair flower that early spring supplies
"That gaily blooms, and yet in blooming dies."

Soon after marriage, I found to my cost that thoughtlessness in some things and extravagance in many others, was the beautiful bundle covered with viels, wrapt up in shawls, silks, and pelisses. I set up a tinder-box, as one of the first necessaries in housekeeping, but

we must burn a wax-candle, which was affirmed to be the cheapest.—I thought a little oil in a saucer, and a small padded wick of cotton set in the edge of the oil would be a more safe plan, and not above one third of the expence. This was totally impossible, so that the point was settled without trying the experiment. I then proposed a rush-light, but resolution said with firmest tone, the poorest people burnt rush-lights, another imaginations at once suggested, that I wished to sink her reputation; she affirmed that the cheapest was a good mould candle. Again I proposed the use of my good tinder-box, *steel,* and *matches,* as the most economical. This last, being a novel thing,* (when the whole apparatus was mentioned to her) she submitted for me to try the experiment. In the most dexterous and magical manner I procured a light. She exclaimed, "How soon it is done!"

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* A novel thing in those parts of Staffordshire and Yorkshire, where as much coal is burnt in the night, as would supply another part of the kingdom by day.

But in a few nights I found the box full of half burnt tinder, the remaining matches enormously thick, and all the edges of the flint rubbed off. I was ready to exclaim; oh the inattention, stupidity, and insufficiency of my servants! But the more confused I was the greater her eagerness and clamour for light. "Surely somebody was in the house, and I would not believe her."

"Above, controul, when in a raging storm,
"Where seas and skies are blended with the soul."

I endeavoured to shew in her calmer moments, that to save one penny or three half-pence a night would enable us more extensively, to relieve the distressed. "What," said she, "do I care for the distressed: do you think I will abridge myself of any comfort for such a herd? you are very much mistaken, I assure you, if you imagine such a thing." I soon found all I could say was like putting oil upon the fire.

But blame the culture, not the soil; for this marvellous, this prodigious difference of temper and opinion, did not arise from a difference of climate

or of regimen. For it proved on our acquaintance that we were born in the same country, occasionally lived in the centre and extremity of the same city, breathed the same air, and lived on the same kind of food. Our extraction was not exactly the same, as this narrative fully testifies, for what an ungovernable Leviathan is education, example, pride, and extravagance; what mighty power they have over flesh and blood!

How formidable must their offspring be, compared with the extract of genuine morality. My wife seemed to have passed by a regular process into the first rank of the flippant army of triflers, who sometimes

"Catch the manners living, as they rise:"

And my sight began to extend sufficiently to discover another important document; for I beg leave to say, in no instance was the *practice* of vice or virtue communicated with the blood. Pompey was noted for generosity, but his son Strabo was infamous for avarice. Don't mistake me reader, for I mean to assert that neither climate nor features

regulate the morality of man It is opinion, it is education, it is example, and company, working by the disposition; the latent spring of the heart; and such is their power that they triumph over latitude, temperament, and my best efforts. It is true, I must admit, in the hot atmosphere, the effects of corruption are the most rapid and the most dangerous, and so it is in heated minds and family broils. But why should I spend my time by saying fire is friction wrought to a higher degree, when my wife declares "friction is most violent in the madly contending sea, yet without fire." Or why should I trespass upon the labour of your eyes by going back to seek, and bring to view, among others, objects of comparison and contrast, from difference of place, when we find a greater diversity in manners, in opinion, and in temper, between the *phlegmatic*, the *sanguine*, the *choleric*, and the *melancholic*, than there is between the physiognomy of a Frenchman and a Briton, if not between my wife and her troubled husband.

I recollect *Aristotle* says the *phlegmatic* is cold, timid, suspicious, delibe-

rate, philosophic. The *sanguine* on the contrary, as warm, presuming, generous, vehement, pathetic; the *choleric* as irascible, severe, bold, discerning; and the *melancholic*, as a composition of them all, refined and heightened by imagination.

To proceed in the narrative. I was counted a moralist, and thought I was too well acquainted with human affairs not to perceive that women were the "arbiters of manners." I esteemed it a pleasure to engage them to adorn the sceptre of virtue with their graces, and considered it is in their power to excite courage to overthrow vice, by means of their disdain, to light up in every heart the love of our country, and create the peace and comfort of society. Yea, I had a conviction that men are generally what women make them; but then, what must I now be, what should I think, and how should I stand guarded on the brink of fate! For it is

"Yet strange to tell the nerveless baby hand
Shall govern realms, and at her minions, not
Unsheath the sword, and desolate a world."

Little indeed are they acquainted with the laws of nature, and the value of social intercourse, who in the union of man and wife, look for nothing more than the pleasures of sense. They only cull the wild flowers of life, without once tasting the substantial and cheering fruits.

"The fair sex" may be a favorite phrase with the man of pleasure, to whom women are known under no other idea. But is the sex most fair only to persons who have no other faculty except that of eye sight? Or is it not most amiable, and useful to the heart that understands and feels.

I had been taught to fix the highest value upon, and treat with the utmost care, the *creative* sex, which at the peril of life, conceals man in the tenderest months of existence, cherishes and guards him in infancy. It is also my wish to venerate the *pious* sex, which bears him to the altar of God, while he is yet a child, and teaches him to imbibe with the very dawning of reason, the love of a religion, which the cruel policy of men would injure,

and the rude hand of the infidel maliciously extirpate.

In my marriage, I cheerfully said, let the *pacific* sex, which sheds no blood, walk by my side, rest upon my arm, and possess an unrivalled place in my affections and esteem, as the most sympathizing companion, whose touch ministers to the sick, and whose parental kiss has often healed the numerous wounds of my infancy.

"For contemplation he, and valour form'd,
"For softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

"Shall I stretch forth my robust "arm, to subdue iron and brass; by "my side is placed one more dexterous, "and who should be more carefully "employed in spinning, and adjusting "the fleece to my comfort and orna-"ment." Shall I boast of my power and strength, let me remember the fostering hand of a tender female clothed these once feeble limbs. Must I encounter toils and gloomy cares abroad? The good wife banishes sorrow at home, by her works that praise her in the

gate. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil," "for she will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life." "Her husband is known when he sitteth among the Elders of the land," by his cheerful countenance, and decent apparel. "Give her the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her." Her children rise up and call her blessed, and her husband also praiseth her."

But my good wife became so restless, and had so many oddities, that I was compelled to think something possessed her soul and body. No medical book that I could find touched upon the symptoms, so that I could define the perplexing foe, or procure a prescription to lay him in peace.

"My soul felt a strange commotion,
"To her inmost centre."

There was a time when I would not marry for fear of expence and poverty, though on a moderate calculation, I found my rabbits, ducks, geese, horse and chaise, (if not a single hunter), cost

more, than would keep a sober, prudent, and industrious wife; and he must be undeserving the name of man, that would prefer rabbits, ducks, geese, dogs, and horses to woman, who was made to be man's "helpmeet." But now I found I had hit upon a woman possessed of something I had never heard of before. I never saw any thing like it.

In the church the toe on the bass, the muff, the fingers, the nose and the handkerchief, or the eyes twitched and snatched, so that I was afraid of grievous convulsions, whenever the minister talked about self-government, or the proper discipline of the tongue, and the perfect subjection of our temper to the will of a supreme Being.

I soon began to see as we grew older in wedlock, she had but little restraint abroad, and less at home, for she was now married; and at home my only consolation was, she could not be worse, if she had fifty companions, puppies and monkeys, to tease her.

I became so grievously hipped, and

so hysterics, that I fancied I had caught the infection, and was in the high-way to overtake my wife.

" My frame of nature was a ruffled sea,
" And my disease the tempest."

I imagined that my servants laughed at my oddities; as I was sure some kind visitors did at my Lady. I hung the room with mirrors, which immediately inverted the whole order of the company, into an assembly of observers. I would freely have given the body and bones of Dr. Syntax's Grizzel, to have found out a name for the complaint, that some physician might have been selected, to have hurried or charmed away the tormentor. For it seemed as if I was metamorphosed into a Cavia Cabaya, by putting the female first, and exactly following her steps.

My wife replied, I exactly resembled that beautiful creature in two points, having a projecting and cold nez.

It must be remembered, whoever laughed, I was compelled to fret and

toil under the evil, which in the first stages was moderate, but closely adhering as for its life and safety where ever I went,

" This flesh and this circling blood, with all these brutal powers,
" Made to obey, turn rebels to the mind, nor hear its laws."

In my wife the unhappy disorder had arisen to such an height, that I began to think of the ague, and sympathised with her, declaring that I had known what the ague was, when I was a boy. Here a query arose; " is not this the same evil changed a little in its form? for ditches have so drained the land, and fences keep it so warm, that if the ague exist it must be in a new shape;" for I perceived my good wife began with cold shivering, which was succeeded by heat against me, and a sweat against somebody. Never shall I forget,

" With what rapid change did her fancy roll,
" Like the varying passions of the soul!

" Prompt to offend, she scarce gave the offence,
" Ere her mind labo ar'd with an innate sense
" Of right and wrong; not long, for nature still
" Incapable of change, and fix'd in ill,
" Returns to her old habits; for ne'er yet
" Could sinner to his sins a period set."

What with my wife's agitation, and my anxiety to find out the complaint, I found it arise in myself until it became inflammatory.

Thus we imperceptibly rose and sunk in opposition to each other; so that no wedded pair were ever assorted by the malice of Hymen, with a more unhappy discordance of temper. But referring to her complaint, I found in innumerable cases she became intolerable, and often compelled me to exclaim,

" Ah! when will these tumultuous scenes be gone."

I could not reconcile my mind so much as to consult the most confidential friend that had any wisdom, for I supposed he would say we were infected with some

indiscribable malady; and should such a report get abroad, we should be watched as two foreigners among the wild savages of North America. But one day accidentally noticing two gentlemen in the library-room, one affirmed, "they are first in every unhappy scrawl, and last to get out of it.*" The other snatched up a paper. One scratched his head, the other seemed to have an universal itching come upon him.

> "When angry passions meet,
> Alive the fire they keep."

My eyes were fixed, my ears were open, and all my thoughts were at work; and my cogitations troubled me; for thought I, this is like my wife. If I am patient perhaps by some hint I shall find out the complaint. One of them soon rubbed his elbows; this, thought I, is a bad humour, a humour "which is said to be occasioned by little animalcula in the skin. This humour in the head therefore must be occasioned by a vermicular animal in the brain, the *brain itch.*"

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* I suppose referring to our country.

I fear I am not using a term that the physicians will understand. When I turned to renew my attention for a farther discovery, I found the gentlemen were missing. There were some others warmly debating over a Review. One seemed to begin with simple scratching, the other began to snarl, and a third was ready to bite. Recollecting that a sage divine said, that "Reviewers like a kennel of hounds; snarl most when there is the least flesh upon the bones:" I thought here is nothing to my point.

Changing my station, my attention was arrested by another group, whom like the Athenians, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or hear some new thing. One shruged his shoulders, while I collected the sentence, "No doubt Government is making Sunday-schools the means to collect children for the Marine Society." Another with a pardonable pride, said Government is too wise, and has too much of the subject's welfare in view, to do any thing of the kind. Another point arose like a cork in water, to amuse for the moment, and to sink in

turn by the touch of the finger. Have you heard of the election of J———. "No, nor do I wish, for I cannot bear the name of a rotten borough. Why not, replied a third person, you will find the most disinterested elections in the boroughs, where the member is returned by a disinterested individual or two. When in a large town, the Banker may solicit the votes of the principal tradesmen, and they request their workmen to give the Banker their favours. Having settled this business, a vast number of little misdemeanors against the infallible rights of the people were named; every impropriety of a political nature was traced and imputed to Government, from sea to sea, and beyond the mighty deeps. Thus making Government omnipresent, I began to think these mistaken politicians, were like some ignorant professors of religion, who impute their own, and every evil, to the prince of darkness. May

"Pale envy, slander, fraud and spite,
Return and hide, in caves of night."

While I was rummaging my thoughts,

I perceived one had become incoherent, and nothing was heard but, "We shall have our property tax re-enacted, and our trade once more ruined: we shall have loans and expeditions, bloody and barren victories, boastings and discontents, new uniforms and issues of depreciated paper.—We shall alienate all Ireland by our intolerance, and provoke all America by our insolence; and truckle to both, when it is too late to serve our purpose, we shall subsidize, and be betrayed; coalesce, and be deserted; lose our character, by pursuing objects of our own; and be cheated out of our fair share of the advantage we have contributed to gain; till after four or five years war, if we should be able to stand it so long, we shall have contracted two hundred millions of new debt, and shall find it absolutely impossible to go on.*

Some said "you are mad Sir." Though I was still at a loss, I did

* This was a desponding view in the time of war, perhaps about the year 1814.

not utterly despair of succeeding under the impression, that our complaint must be more common, than I ever dared to suppose. The thought struck me, that as I had caught it, it must exist in some form, and in some place before my wife had it. A few days after, I stepped in to see one of the most precise and accomplished ladies in our neighbourhood. Unfortunately for my friend, but happy for me, there came a genteel person, humbly presenting a charitable case; the good lady snatched upon the chair, which brought my wife to my recollection. "My husband (good creature) is not at home Sir," "I wish he was Ma'am, I am sure he would kindly assist us."

We ought to do more for our own ministers; you church people are provided for. "True Ma'am, your minister is a most deserving man, and if you have not given so much as you ought, we present an opportunity to retrieve your loss of duty." I saw her twist and shift about. The benevolent man withdrew from under the lowering cloud; and I remained to hear and learn. "Bless me," said the

lady, "I am astonished at the man, that he should fidge one to death." Putting things together, by remembering a sentence of one of our dignitaries; I got old of the technical term "*Fidgets,*" moving nimbly, uncouthly, to riggle." I hastened away to fix my discovery in black and white.

But the moment I entered my habitation, I saw and heard my wife had forgotten "How good and joyful it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." For she could not adopt the golden sentence "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth."

"Souls made of pious harmony, we know,
Cannot be strangers to their work below."

So far from every thing of this nature, "I began to think my family was like an ant-hill, where some carry corn, some their young, some go empty, all to and fro, a little heap of agitated dust."

Deep was the sigh, and keen the pang, when I recollected my father's house, so aptly expressed in the words of a poet:

"There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
"A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;
"Where man, creation's tyrant casts aside
"His sword and sceptre, pagantry and pride,
"While in his softened looks benignly blend
"The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:
"Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife,
"Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life,
"In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
"An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
"Around her knees, domestic duties meet,
"And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet."

I was ready to hope I had secured this bliss, but now I am compelled to exclaim

"Where shall that place, that spot of earth be found?
"I'm man, a patriot too! and look around;
"But cannot find, howe'er my footsteps roam,
"That wife so kind, nor that sweet spot my home.

Though all without looks dark, and my lot presents a forbidding aspect, yet I feel a conviction that marriage is a duty, where there is a probability of support. A duty that we owe to nature, to our country, to society,

and to the direction of our Maker. I lay down no certain and fixed rule for happiness on earth, or to judge with any precision of the happiness of others by any external circumstances. Though I assert it is an equal duty to marry only a virtuous woman; and for this purpose I ought to have availed myself of the counsel of the wise to direct my choice.

Admitting this principle, observe I have learnt, that if neither the man nor the woman has any more discernment than to know where the church stands on the bridal day; if no genius, no taste, but they have money, and that senseless thing must go first, they must hobble after it. For what affection can they have for each other, what a stupid, insipid, useless life, when neither benevolence nor kindness can be felt or seen.

"Call not that pair bless'd,
Whose wisdom is not found at home."

I have noticed also that if the gentleman is going down the hill, when

the lady is coming up, it is impossible that they should be companions, when the hill is between them. Or if one is passionate, and the other revengeful, or both are passionate, and neither have any forbearance, reproach, bitter invectives, vipers will arise!

Still working when they seem opprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

I have observed also, when they choose each other, their is no strife for mastery; because neither avarice, nor craft, nor parents have made the bargain while they stood by.

"Happier she, who in love's tranquil bow'r,
"Clasps the sweet prize of conquest, not the pow'r,
"Who while one gaze her charms to all prefers,
"And one warm heart returns the warmth of hers,
"They please but one and seek but one to please."

I had been told, that nature has given us an index in the face of what is within. Therefore it was my object to look at the sign before I made the bargain, or formed the coalition. My wife had not the large lip, which is

said to favour the drone, nor had she the huge hanging under lip, the enemy of all order and neatness. But "I "fancied a thin pair of lips making "good joints, are usually wrought of "good stuff, well tempered by nature, "and honed to a razor's edge;*" but I found to touch them was to be cut, and for my sake let every man who is about to marry observe this, and

Exert his penetration's utmost force,
And trace each passion to its proper source.

For

"Some persons with themselves so disagree,
"Theyr'e fix'd to nothing, but uncertainty;
"They are so fickle that they cannot please,
"With too much spirit e'er to be at ease,
"With too much quickness ever to be taught,
"With too much thinking to have common thought."

Beside, such was the fruit of pas-

* Dr. Franklin.

sion in its first traces, that one of my younger children stood like a young rook in hot weather, with his mouth half open, his wings half extended, and so impregnated with the heat of the atmosphere, that like a rook he was incapable of defining a word.

Terrific indeed was the day to peace and hope, when the cloud of the eye, the visible curl of the nose, the awful storm of the brow in the morning, said all which the thunders of the tongue could have uttered.

> Ah! frail life, the peace of which
> One frail creature can destroy.

I was alway concerned to have a wife with an inventive faculty, a few oddities I could overlook, as a few swells in honey; but her invention was to get over every thing for the present. So the stocking must be dragged to the extremity of the toe, and again re-placed under the sole of the foot, to lower and conceal the small but growing circle behind.

" And he, I'm sure, is doubly blest,
" Who of the worst can make the best,
" To sit and sorrow and complain,
" Is adding folly to our pain."

The other day I entered a house where the gossip was in its glory, and the poor baby began to cry.—Sweet cake was sucked, and wine was tuned into it, no twitching, no little means that the child could use, nor all the repulses nature could devise, could induce the gossip to take the little sufferer home for proper food, but any thing or nothing would and *must do for the present.*

My good wife had the invention of taking up one thing and putting it immediately in the place of another, but as she had neither patience nor industry, nor thought to put them in their place again, every thing was compelled to do for the present. The clothes thrown in heaps, the spots, dust, or lint upon them, and when they are wanted they are lost, or dirty, or broken for the present, or the time is spent for the present in search of something she had in her

hands, but a few minutes before. She walks about, calls and inquires, "Betty, what have you done with my shawl?" a thousand things have their usual toss for the present. Marching over the room again, "Marjory, have you been in my room?" "No ma'am," (you must you hussy) "have you seen my shawl?" "I have not been in the room ma'am." "The shawl must be somewhere, you must have seen it." At length it is discovered (for in her attempt to throw it like dirt off her shoulders, some way and any how in the room,) it accidentally hung behind, and accompanied her every step with profound silence.

"How different the ancient Matron,
To the modern Slattern."

Again I ventured to call, "*my dear we are waiting!!*" "Well what have you done with my parasol?" "Nothing at all." "But it must be somewhere." "That I do not dispute," "I cannot find it, and I cannot go without it." What must be done for the present; will this do, thought I; the loss of this small portion of time appears trifling for the present. But slatterns incur such losses

every day, and the loss of such little scraps of time ruins our journey, and determines many a man's fortune.

A woman that loses half an hour in the morning to find the tinder-box, and half an hour in the afternoon to find what she had misplaced the day before, and half an hour in the evening in carelessness or gossiping, has lost an hour and a half in the day, and ten hours and a half in the week—how many in a month, in a year. Suppose each hour is worth a penny; this is losing a tenth part of our time, and a tenth part of my income. I began to see and feel it is the slut and sloven's way to ruin. I admit genteel people who have no afternoon have remedied in some degree one part of the evil.* The other day

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* The other day when Mr. Laytub, and Mr. Wiseall quarrelled over a bottle of wine, and duelled with the fist, the indictment for the assault was filed for the afternoon, but Mr. Wiseall brought in a shoal of most respectable witnesses, fully to prove that the assault could not possibly take place in the afternoon, for it is morning until dinner, and afterwards evening.

I ordered the shoe-black to tie my strings on one side of my shoes, lest they should stray like the parasol, but for the present, slipping on my shoes to walk in the garden, I trod upon one trailing string with the other foot, tore my shoe, broke my nose, sprained my wrist, cut my hand, by falling upon the frozen earth, and for the present had to plaister; but the string certainly was secure, and what was unconceivably more painful than my fall, I saw that I could not thrive for want of care, order, and method. Tho' I do not blame my wife in this painful affair, yet I may exclaim, "How thick my woes increase!"

It was no small part of my trouble to live under a daily conviction, that a neat wife does business quick, and thoroughly keeps things in order, without half the labour that a slattern employs, whose inventive faculty is forever employed to put things out of order. So that if the shoes are used, they are directly made clean, if wet, dried, prepared for use, put in their place, and when they are wanted, they are ready.

But dirty shoes and kettles, thrown into a dark damp corner, mould, or are

unfit for use when they are wanted, or they cannot be found. "John, what did you do with my walking shoes," *I have not had them Sir, Russel had them last;*" "Russel, did you take my shoes?" "Yes Sir," "let me have them." "They are dirty and mouldy Sir;" it will take half an hour to dry and clean them." What! there is but a quarter of an hour and I must be at the exchange, or miss a good bargain, forfeit my word, and lose my honour! So you see, and I feel, how things do for the present—the company waits for me; I am fidged. It is in vain to scold, for they will only retort, the lady of your choice, says every day, *things will do for the present.* Alas! Alas! where will my sorrows end! The rain will come before I can start. To buy another pair of shoes for the present, there is not time, and if there was, it would only be to have two pair dirty and mouldy in place of one for the present. Now if I proposed any reformation at Christmas, or the beginning of the new year, to number the cupboards and closets, and print the name of the articles upon the doors in letters good for dim eyes, and each forfeit for the present, to cure the vice; no says my

wife, away with your projects, let us go on in my own way, for I cannot do in any other, and I am sure it will do for the present.

Alas! man oft projects in vain!

And my trouble is to see the whole house against me. They cry put off, away with reformation, and so says the sinner. I confess it tries my spirits to the utmost, when I see we are to brew and wash, and "have company in one week, "to fetch coals in seed time or in har- "vest, and to be thrashing old grain, to "make room for new, or merely to kill "the rats and mice, when we should be "reaping; to set off on a journey, when it "is about time to prepare for returning." I cannot think who dared to invent the galling sentence, *it will do for the present.* Surely the inventor had forgot that

Many acrid drops make a calamitous flood.

The inventor would certainly have done less injury to Britain, if he had left it to sit astride the Alps. For my children up with one doll, and down with another, one naked and another

dressed for the present ; just as my wife shuffles on her shoes for the present, or the wrong petticoat uppermost, and her hair dishevelled for the present. Or for the present Russel must run for a wash-tray, Marjery for a mash, and John for scales to weigh sugar or fruit. Thus for the present wearing other people's utensils, losing the time of our servants by a gossip on the way, or at the end of the journey ; and neglecting to encourage tradesmen until our servants bring a message from the proprietor, that we had better keep the scales, for we are sure to want them first. But then for the present, if there was a shower of these necessaries, we cannot keep a compleat set of them clean and dry, that no time may be lost, nor can we keep them in their places, that we may readily find them.

" All below is short lived ease, or tiresome pain."

To-day I drew on a pair of stockings, one black and the other brown, I soon perceived that the mending began was not finished, therefore, the first half of the work was totally lost, for the want of the last ; nay, the whole was made worse : larger and wider for the present.

What can I do? If the inventor of *it will do for the present*, was astride the highest weathercock in Britain, he might be safely taken down, but I am afraid I never shall be rid of this tormentor. To turn away all my servants would be to bring a new class under the same discipline to their ruin. Sometimes I could almost wish for my sake, the old British rule was renewed, to give up all our wives at an appointed period, and husbands blindfold to take the first female he met with

I found the evils of life vary, for say and think what I could, many evils infested my private life; as sometimes I was the perfect slave to servants, with whom I had trusted my affairs; at other times I was left in continual anxiety by the caprice of my own, and especially of my wife's rich relations, whom for my life I could not please, and dare not offend. And as old Moore's Almanack foretells daily changes, so I found my wife sometimes imperious, then equally perverse. Sometimes I hoped so many and such frequent changes would lead her to stumble upon something good.

But I found she was

" Stiff in opinion, mostly in the wrong,
Be every thing by starts, but nothing long."

As it is always more easy to do evil than good, so the wisdom or virtue of one can very rarely make many happy, and the folly and vice of one can make many miserable. Here again I stopped to think; for a man that is run hard must have is winding-place.—Now I thought the folly of woman kind is the cause of general complaint. But then have I no follies of my own ? yes, oh yes ! far too many; and experience says what can be expected but disappointment and keen repentance, from a choice made in the immaturity of youth, or the perverseness of age, in the ardour of desire, without judgment, without foresight, without inquiry, at least, for some degree of conformity of opinions, similarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or purity of sentiment.

Here was the perplexing riddle; vice, and mental uneasiness shorten human life : and I am persuaded moral affec-

tions are of such extensive influence with respect to man, that there is not one evil in the whole catalogue of diseases, but what owes its origin, or derives affecting advantages from them. But then how is it that the man who lost his wives in rapid succession, should account for the protracted continuance of a neighbour's wife on the ground of perpetual irritation. I pleased my wives to excess in every thing, and contradicted them in nothing, and they soon expired, for woman (said he) cannot live without scolding, but you cross and tease your wife, and irritability prolongs female existence, says the Rambler.

As it must be admitted that all men and women have their faults, I shall feel happy if these lines should be a caution to any person while they are innocent, it may happily prevent the shame and pain, if not anguish, of being reproved, or upbraided, after they are guilty.

My wife never cared for that part of happiness which depends upon the good opinions and actions of others; therefore she never sought the good will of any whom she ought to esteem,

however high their station in life, or valuable their connections and character; with an air of indifference, she seemed to carry the frozen zone into the most cheerful society, and when she discovered any partiality, she always took care that this favour was at the expence of some one I regarded, if not of myself. She was far from being silent, but she could speak well of no one, and always spake ill of the absent; her faults she freely confessed, but then she rejoiced that such a confesssion fully proved she was no hypocrite. The failings of her best friends she would relate to their dearest connections, until their virtues could scarcely secure them a place in their esteem.

Ah! ruthless tongue,
To do thy neighbour wrong.

Punctual as the day, in slighting the calls of civilities, always omitted to return a visit, except when most inconvenient to her friend, or to myself. Prompt at resenting every degree of negligence towards herself, but she could never form any idea of infirmities in others;

much less stop to consider the difference between an accidental and an intended affront. To weak people she knew how to practice flattery, to some others she was lavishing in her professions of friendship, though they began and ended with the breath that attended them. Nor could I possibly lead her to refrain from this fault, and guard against the ill effects of it in others. She was always pleased when commended to her face, nor would she suspect such endeavours to gain confidence, as the way that ends in treachery. She would not believe that whoever makes professions of friendship, which are not merited, is an hypocrite; her own vanity led her therefore to uncommon and excessive instances of folly. She was continually trusted with the secrets of others, which was a daily enemy to our peace, and a snare to her good name. They who told her the secret, told it to ten more, and soon the secret is betrayed; and then this breach of faith is denied by the guilty, and rolled from one to another, like a snow-ball that gets larger and blacker, until the original colour is lost, and the innocent is grievously suspected.

Ah! the lovely toy so fiercely sought,
Has lost its charm, by proving nought.

What could I do in the business? for my wife would follow me from room to room, making me hear the unwelcome news. So that from my heart I hoped, and often prayed, that I might have no secrets; that I might do nothing, that if known would wound my reputation, or fill my bosom with shame and remorse. To lie at the mercy of accident, to be obliged constantly to watch over my words and actions, lest what I wished to hide should be discovered, I found was the life of a slave; full of fear, suspicion, anxiety, and dread.

My harp neglected, in despair,
And silent on the willow hung.

Another misfortune, my wife was always eager to relate the circumstances of her quarrel with me, in order to justify her conduct, and condemn mine, until all seemed impressed with the idea that she lived under a prevailing consciousness that others would condemn her. Her behaviour at home placed her on a level with her servants; otherwise

she treated them so haughtily, or looked upon them with such contempt, that her commanding air, and peremptory tone so effectually lost the superiority of her situation, that she became despised by those who otherwise might have regarded her with respect and esteem; and my domestic affairs were in as deplorable a state, as if I had lost the mistress of my house. She watched their trivial actions as a spy, and then troubled me with every little misdemeanor which fell under her observation, with the apparent pleasure of a petty informer.

As where love and pity inflame the soul,
The lips must move.

So I was oft constrained to speak, but if I gave my advice in any thing, I was sure to meet with pert self-sufficient replies on the one hand, and on the other sullen looks and dumb resentments. I have seen with grief and caution every tender moment snatched, to urge a request and wrest a promise from the generous weakness of unguarded affection. Poor creature, her years and opportunity of doing and obtaining good, fled like vain wishes, until like the

visions of imagination; the possibility of reformation, and temporal advantage vanished.

To continue the narrative of my troubles; we changed our neighbourhood, and our place of worship, but a change of place is no natural cause of the increase of piety, for I found it inevitably produces dissipation of mind. It is true we conversed upon the subject, and thought our being transplanted to a new soil, was beginning life anew, but this was vain, as the state of my family will shew.

My wife, I always hoped, would be the friend, mother, and master of her little girls, but here I had trouble enough. For sometimes she was so fond and indulgent, nothing was good enough for the darling; she might pout and strike, kick over her stool, dance the cups and glasses about like parched peas, and turn up her nose in scorn, and perhaps she would say, Emmy, my Emmy, my love, how you behave; that is not pretty. I shall not love you for all that! At another time, if the child only sat crossed legged to support her doll, while

adjusting its pelisse, or in attempting to drink, happened to slabber a single drop, she flies at the child, ready to unjoint, or jostle the poor creature into a syllabub.

At one time she appears the weak silly dupe of the child, when I must not say a word; in the second case she appears strong as Hercules, with war on her brow, and order in her eye; to say a word, is to hazard my ears at a snap. If I look straight forward, and maintain an unruffled face, "yes, and you too, I can see your looks, bless me if they were all boys, I suppose you would manage them; they are girls, and I will do as I please with them." Though I kept silent as for my life, it was no less the trouble of my heart to see a child struck in a passion, or punished for a mere accident, and yet seldom or never corrected for obstinate or wilful disobedience. If indeed the child happened to be corrected at a right time, yet it is only a blow or two, to raise anger and increase its wilful obstinacy, not to conquer the temper, andbring it into submission; when if the rod was applied, (not the heavy

fist,) to create smart until the mind bends, and softens into humble supplication, believe me, the child will rarely want a second correction, if the parent's conduct is exemplary. But if they threaten to correct, yet do not, and what is worse still, if they threaten to kill the child, if the child has reason to believe them, it is not likely they can be corrected a second time, but if they threaten, and never perform, who is to believe them? I drop this hint to the reader, rather than to my wife, lest over my grey hairs

"The mighty arm terrific seem uprais'd,
"And dire appear the all destructive blow."

I therefore conclude, that one correction should not merely make way for another, it should not be in passion, for these two join to harden the child. We never should punish the child, but when it is guilty and deserving, and then we should try by arguments, expostulations, and with smarting stripes, to make the punishment effectual, humbling, not teasing.

No one when he has suffered the

law should be told of it: but it is one of my troubles to see my little girls struck for accidental mischiefs, or for what they do ignorantly or in good humour, and are not conscious that they have done wrong; they are grieved at first, but if such punishments be frequent, they excite indignation, and the children become angry with their parent, considering her cruel. Certainly it is very unkind to treat children as mere animals; and corrections under these circumstances do more hurt than good.

Some time since, calling upon an intimate friend, I was pressed to take my seat at the table. The company no sooner had received what was most calculated to engage the eye, and gratify the appetite, than a little stripling entered the room, rushing by the waiter, placed his chin upon the border of the table, and said, "Mamma, what have you got?" "Dinner my darling," "Oh," "will you take your chair and sit by Mamma?" "No." "Come my dear, this gentleman will make room for you my darling." (Yes Ma'am, I thought and all

his consequence too if I can,) but he answered "I do'nt care." "Theophilus, said the Father, be a good boy, and don't make that shuffling about the room," "I wo'nt." The father sprung up, a cloud of dust arose; bless me, said the mother, I have such a servant this year, the carpet is never half dusted, though it was laid down but yesterday. What with the interjection and the dust, we had lost sight of Mr. Theophilus, until we heard his capers in the adjoining room. The father arose again, and opened the door; come, come, Theop. come in, and you shall have a chair by Mamma, and what you please, if you will be a good boy when gentlemen and ladies are here; Theophilus marched in without a tear of regret, at once he had conquered two older and much larger than himself, and now he stood upon rising ground, and expected his parents to be on terms with him. "Be a good boy, Theop." "I'll not." The mamma addressed the company apoligizing for her little master, by assuring us he had a teasing humour, (I suppose called the tanterams,) which she said might be seen by the rash upon him,

enough to make the very best child pettish. Conviction whispered,

So custom sheds her fever o'er the mind,
And sipping kills the buds of virtue, ere
Their op'ning petals catch the dewy pearl,
Or kiss the genial ray. 'Tis custom that
Consigns the mind to never-ending gloom;
To clank perpetual, the slavish chains:
To bear the insults of mock liberty,
Of privilege, of childish king like power;
His future bondage, and more firmly fix
The galling fetters of perverted minds.
Imagin'd expectation list'ning waits:
But silence reigning still provokes the wise,
To tell the fearful tale. What's custom then?
'Tis folly's bantling, and caprice it sire.

In this child

Its custom to recoil, and vengeful sweep
With its destructive besom, every hope!
"Whatever is, is right," the poet sang,
And custom's advocates can urge the plea,
Tho' her poisonous bane contaminates the soul,

Though I never could persuade myself that I was a naturalist, a poet, an

orator, a mathematician, or physician; yet I thought the slight eruptions upon the face might be the effect of heat, or sweet medleys, and of no consequence compared with the dreadful ebullitions from within. I was persuaded one good prescription, properly applied, and followed with parental consistency, would scarcely need the slightest repetition. I could not repel the thought, that the ugliness of the child, in almost every case is to be imputed to the nurse, preceptor, or parent; they kindle deforming prejudices and head-strong passions which vex and deform, for to authorize a fault, is to countenance vice, the parent of deformity. The above case also left an impression, that it requires double care where there are but three in family, lest there should be as many fools. How few have thought that the irradiations of being internally good, gentle, compassionate, sensible and beneficient, diffuse themselves over our features and actions. I cannot shake off this sentiment, founded on conviction, that many have given their children scripture names, who have virtually trained them to be infidels. I deduce my conclusion from collateral matter, and judge

by actions, and by apparent premices; where the father and mother have selected a scripture name for a child, as directly opposed to its real character, as the names chosen by patriarchs, prophets, and seers were appropriate, the inappropriate choice of the former savours of consequence; the exact adaptation of names to character in the latter instance, wisdom from above: inspiration!

> Enough if onward, as I urge my way,
> I merely catch the passing view.

By observing, if my child wants a bunch of raisins, it is governed by appetite, not by reason; the mother says you must not have it, but then she says it with such a simple unmeaning tone of voice, that makes no impression on the child, the child cries for the raisins, the mother is angry, and says you shall not have them; the child bellows and perhaps strikes her little sister, or throws down a glass, or play things in anger, until they are all unreasonable about the raisins: at last the parent is tired with the noise, and to appease the little con-

queror, gives her the raisins in anger. The child is master; the mother has lost the little authority she had over the child; and when the child has been master a few months, who shall break or bend its will? Before the child was master, a look or command might do as much as a thousand lashes now.

My Emmy begins to form ideas, and therefore she notices how her mother speaks, rather than what she says; for I perceive she notices my eye when talking to her alone; and she seems to read what and how much I mean. If I speak and look another way, the child pays little regard; but if I look with the eye, and speak with the emphasis of affectionate command, the child seems impressed, and seldom ventures to disobey.

In the mother I see no steady uniform authority of this kind, which never varies from its purpose, which never gives way to the caprice or appetite of a child, which carries every command into effect, and prevents the necessity

of a rod. But my wife throws away her own authority, and becomes the slave of the child.—So the child grows up until the parent and the child cast all the blame upon any body but themselves.

If I looked back I chastened myself for my foolish choice. If I reviewed our years of marriage, they were a mixed cup, mingled with many mercies of providence, but the bitter ingredients of our own tempers always appeared at the bottom, and their baneful effects at the top. I became like a man habitually afraid of something I could not define. All around a chilling and cruel atmosphere; because perplexing thoughts were hatched, and broods of evils preparing to infest the remainder of my life. Sometimes I checked myself, and like the suspicious, sat at ease by a lamp, and wondered at the dread which harrassed me in the dark; yet the moment my lamp was extinguished, I felt again the terrors, which led me to exclaim,

How hard my lot, how sad my fate;
What shall I do to mend my state?

The seasons of the year, and the

operations of Providence, move on without delay, performing their work in season. But it is impossible for me to prevail with my wife, to have any thing done in season, for she generally waits till the hour is past, and then she becomes impatient. If she is afflicted, or in the least pain, and the doctor exceeds his time one half hour, her disorder becomes violent, she is exceedingly irritated, and ten to one but the doctor loses her favour.

Therefore, they are both of one opinion that no time is like the right time, when self is at stake. I wanted a little job doing at my shirt, but when in health, she had another job to do first, she could do what I wanted at any time, but for want of ten or fifteen minutes work, and a disposition to do what was necessary, two hours labour was created.

Sometimes she seems inclined for the moment to do every thing, then she begins many things, but finishes nothing. If in the midst of her bustle, some old friend, from a distance, steps in, then she resolves to put up her work in order, and in

a moment, to put on her clothes, which before seemed to be rained upon her; for they hung upon her as if they were never formed to be friends. But alas! she has not time to pin her gown, she is hurried to death, and now it is certain another time will do to remedy the evil, for she cannot possibly rectify it at this instant, though she fidges from room to room. The loss of time becomes the mother of a thousand apoligies, which flow from her lips. "Bless me, you have caught me this time, I used to be as neat as any body, now I have to hustle through thick and thin: but there is a great difference in husbands, you are fortunate in a good one that will help you, you always appear tidy, and you can go any where together, but my husband is a poor noodle, and always ready to start first, and has no compassion upon me. Though the tailor can fit his awkward shoulders, better than the mantuamaker can fit my straight back. Besides, my servant that should forward me, says every thing will do for to-day, so you see we are all in dirt and dust."

Who then will venture to declare
That man's mistitled sorrow's heir?

Our friend is stuffed with apoligies, and the cloud of dust serves to escape almost unseen; for depend upon it my wife is so much in the habit of putting off the proper time, that she has no time, except to ill time every thing.

Deluded souls! that sacrifice
Most precious time below the skies.

The other day when we made an engagement to go by the mail to see a friend in the morning, to prevent all unnecessary bustle and confusion at an early period, I dared to assemble and adjust my wife's apparrel, after she had laid herself down, venturing to request her attention before sleep to the order of things in the morning: but alas! in the morning the candle went out, no servants nor myself could be of any use, for she was so accustomed to a room strewed with clothes, that order to her seemed the greatest tumult. Confusion and scolding began the day; and circumstances furnished her with a long apology to the gentlemen in the mail, for keeping them waiting two minutes, when we were up

an hour before the time of its arrival. I wished with all my heart, that the company would conduct me where good head-pieces were to be disposed of. A gentleman congratulated me on the seasonable enquiry, for he had some first rate carefully packed; I meant for my wife; so did he; but yet we meant two things as different as brains, and a head-piece wrought by twisted thread, nimble fingers, and gingling bobins. I thought proper to turn the conversation into another channel, for it is a most unhappy station, to be boxed in a corner, unable to escape ones opponent, and fearful of uttering a word, when the toes are trampled upon, and the character is lowered. But I was the troubled husband at the end of the stage, for my wife had the discernment to read what our companion meant by beautiful, well wrought, and rich head pieces; the shew must take place, and I was compelled to pay smart for my jokes. It is hoped the reader will remember that a complicated sentence may create a double expence of thought, words, and money.

I put down in my memory the propriety of giving my son the following counsel when I retured from my journey. "European, never place your confidence in the person who selects the strongest side; never put your trust in one who will sacrifice almost any thing to appearance, because sometimes they may sacrifice every thing.—Just so, son, I have felt for all my peace and comfort; and the happiness of my family was extirpated to make room for rancour." I saw the tear of filial sympathy roll, and I heard the sigh that ratified the truth, and responded with my own feelings, as we parted to pursue our avocations.

Every ladder has four sides, though the knowing may dispute this, my wife and I were always on the opposite side, upon the first stave of retort; and when I hoped my round was rising in forbearance and patience, I found hers rise as fast in the opposite. Sometimes I hoped I was rising in that grace which my wife and the world most despise. Nor could I but anticipate the thought that as she rose higher on the opposite

side, she would be blessed with a conviction that for once she was on the wrong side. However her name rose so high in my house, and in the whole town, that she might say and do what she pleased; for it became public opinion, that it was best not to contradict her.

I long'd to see her cast the chains away,
That held her wretched soul a slave.

The teasing anxiety I felt, exceeds the power of words to describe; for how exquisite the pain, to be tormented between two extremes; that is whether I should make a bold, a determined stand against my wife, or whether I should let her disturb others, and harrass myself, without restraint. I supposed it my duty to confine my mastiff, rather than let him follow his inclination to injure any person. But to put an absolute restraint upon one, who had a tongue to plead (that was her disposition) in extenuation of the whole mass of evil she created; to put an unqualified restraint upon a rational creature, governed by a disposition so

common, for man has a certain and an unaccountable propensity for destruction; therefore lest the populace should lay their hand upon the great mortar in St. James's park, *Chevaux de frise* are fixed; because the moment rude hands touch, they will deface where they cannot destroy: the mutilated state of a mile-stone or of an unguarded statue, testifies that the common people are disposed to level all that is above them.

"Thus some unheeding senseless wight,
Who to fair learning owes a spite,
Ev'ry letter from the post defac'd,
Which once its several painters grac'd.
The mangled post that long has stood
An uninforming piece of wood;
Like other guides, as some folks say,
Who neither lead, nor tell the way,"

To lay a positive restraint upon a companion, a wife, whose engaging charms should abstract from my mind every other earthly object, as possessing the centre of all earthly hopes and composure, was more than I could bear. Or is it a duty to put

an unlimited restraint upon my feelings; for I have observed that few men err when judgment governs, though feelings hurry multitudes with merciless hands into the tide of sorrow; while a bad disposition is a tyrant to happiness, and the source of censure in the sight of him, whose goodness and love combine to sway our hearts in sweet controul.

Whose grace, in secret chains my word suspends,
And in a calm my settling temper ends.

As we were travelling through a considerable town in the north of Britain, I desired the driver to take us to the most reputed inn; the dunce of a chaise-boy never asked "of repute for what, Sir?" but he conducted us to an old mansion-house, like some little houses, as full of rooms as it could hold, and well adapted to a bulky Englishman, or to two very spare persons, who have twice the number of legs and arms fastened to them; and as our troubles of life would not allow either of us to be fat, I now saw the advantage of this circumstance, as we were not under the necessity of separating for the present. My object was as a traveller to hurry

off the spot, lest the good lady in the house and my wife should meet in some straight passage, for I could not conceive whether the walls or themselves must give way, or their unfortunate husbands be brought into a fatal broil, to separate them; for I believe there are animals, as well as hearts that hate their own image. Certainly the husband was a kind good natured fellow, appearing willing to suffer any thing rather than to offend. For the motto at the bottom of the sign was a consoling thought to himself:

"*Present things are passing away.*"

"But pale despondency now stole
"The light and gladness of my soul,
"Breath'd a dark spirit through my lyre,
"Dimm'd the noon-radiance of my fire,
"And cast a mournful evening hue
"O'er every scene my fancy drew."

I endeavoured to rally my hopes by repeating the favorite lines:

"'Tis to the generous heart belong
"Diviner themes and purer song,
"To hail religion from above,
"Descending in the form of love,

" And pointing through a world of strife,
" The narrow way that leads to life:
" To pour the balm of heavenly rest
" Through sorrow's agonizing breast!"

When I returned home towards the close of the year, and examined my accounts, I was compelled to give vent to the fire that burnt within, to my son. "Oh, extravagance! extravagance! what a door of unutterable anguish hast thou opened." European, I cannot forget the nobleman's account of an old man at Buxton, who sold besoms; to whom a proud lazy young fellow came for some besoms upon trust, the old man replied, "friend hast thou no money? borrow of thy back, and of thy belly, they will never ask thee again; but I shall be dunning thee every day." Wherever I turned my eyes, something pointed out my deplorable state, so that I considered a funeral emblematical of my circumstances. The dead are carried where the living please, so must I.—The living gain what they can by the dead: and I see attorneys and others resolved to gain what they can by my fall. I saw, when the helpless corpse is sinking, every atom and

straw is ready to fall in upon him; and there are weighty reasons for this, because it is much easier to fall upon a man, than it is to help him up.

Most people love to see every body in the grave rather than themselves. Thus my eyes were open, and I saw myself sinking fast. My property soon began rapidly to waste, my spirits were low, and I could not see it my duty to add the fuel of anger to resentment, or put oil to the fire that had burnt so fiercely already. But my wife appeared to step over all difficulties at once; and I found that very few will lift a neighbour up, unless it is to raise themselves. Now I had many a painful push into the lowest place. My wife seemed strange to me, for no sooner was I pressed for money, however honest the claim, and though I was still able to pay with difficulty, I had many a hard thump behind my back. My friends and reputation run away, and I saw I was almost engulphed; my wife could not refrain urging immediate provision for herself, whatever might become of my person and honesty.

I cautiously laid in our sleeping room the following remarks on bankruptcy, partly extracted from a popular provincial work,* and partly original, which I venture to submit to the candid reader, under a conviction that they may be of service to those young persons who have to make their way in a world of snares and hazards, and to whom caution and circumspection are at the present crisis so peculiarly necessary.

"In a commercial country like ours, perhaps it is impossible that bankruptcies should be wholly avoided; but out of a hundred, probably there are not more than one, which is the consequence of unavoidable misfortune. Facts will speak for themselves, to the sober reflecting mind.

"If inquiry be made in every town, it will be found that some of its most dashing inhabitants have formerly failed in business. Is there more than one in an

* Monthly Magazine, July, 1805.

hundred of these who call their creditors together for the purpose of paying the remainder of their debts? The signing of a certificate is no discharge to an honest mind; such a man as soon as he has it in his power, will be eager to pay to the very utmost, and if he is not honest, when rising in the world, it is more than probable he was a knave when sinking. Considering the progress made in civilization, it seems astonishing, that a crime attended with such incalculable mischiefs, is not rendered more disgraceful. True, there are christian societies which have an unbending rule, that if one of their members fail, unless he can prove it to be the consequence of inevitable misfortune, he is immediately discarded, forfeits all the privileges of the connection, and is suffered to sink into the disgrace he deserves; but if he can make it appear to be the consequence of unavoidable misfortune, he is assisted and encouraged. The consequence is that a bankruptcy comparatively seldom takes place amongst such christian societies.

"In the community at large, this evil

seems to be rather encouraged. When a man finds, owing to bad management in trade, extravagance in his family, and a general improvidence, which commonly runs through the whole system, that he can do no longer, he gets some person who is connected with him to strike what is called a friendly docket, in order to prevent his being sent to prison, pays his creditors the composition he chooses, gets his certificate signed, and to the astonishment of all, but the initiated, in a little time gets on in a higher style than before; vies with his neighbours in expence, takes his journies of pleasure, and boasts of his prosperity;* while the humble hard-working manufacturer or mechanic, who had perhaps entrusted his little all in his gay master's hands, is soon crushed to rise no more. The oppressor stalks by with unfeeling superciliousness; but the hour is not far distant, when he shall be made to know that a day of strict retribution is not a chimera.

* All this was the wish of my wife, though I thought it not prudent to say so in this paper.

"The man who trades beyond his capital, or who lives beyond his income, is a pest to the neighbourhood, and a practical enemy to the great interests of society. He is a public robber, a robber of the most dangerous kind, for, under the specious pretence of lawful traffic, of enlarging his connection, and increasing his trade, if he happen to have any relative sufficiently kind and credulous, he will not rest until he has secured the honest earnings of patient industry, or the humble independence of an unapprized and unprotected female; that he may bring down the grey hairs of the former with sorrow to the grave, or plunge the latter into all the horrors of want. That he is bringing upon his children ill habits which must render them burthens to society and miserable, never enters into the calculation of this hero of antiquity. To live and make an appearance, is his object; and should the transient pang of remorse threaten to betray itself on his bloated countenance, with a few additional glasses he drives off care till to-morrow. The desperado who charges his pistol, and puts on his

crape, seems to have some sense of right and wrong; he steals from the common walks of decent life, the faces he has known, the benefactors who have raised him, he calls on the darkness to cover him; he seeks the path of the traveller, he assaults the stranger, the unknown one, to whom perhaps a few guineas may be no serious loss, the person robbed sees the worst at once, and has no teazing and expensive journey. The thief has abused no confidence, he has insulted no relative, he has tortured no tenderness; yet he is pursued like a demon, he is dragged to a dungeon, to fetters, and hurled from a tribunal to the gallows! It certainly ought to be the object of civilized states to prevent crimes, and all chastisement should have this end in view. It must be allowed that bankruptcy is an evil which involves more pernicious consequences than highway robbery; and it is astonishing that legislators and moralists are not intent on devising means for diminishing its frequency. A sense of honour and shame has yet, it is presumed, some degree of influence; and was bankruptcy made infamous,

as it ought to be, it would be generally avoided. It deserves consideration that the persons who fail are seldom those who have earned what they begin with; had they laboured hard for it, they would have learnt the value of property better than to have scattered it away. But the patient plodding character is gone; and with it the prudence and circumspection to which our upstart owes his all. He begins, it may be with two or three thousand pounds, but he wishes to live and trade as if he had ten thousand. The old system of economy is laughed at: his maxim is, that it is necessary to make an appearance; to this, comfort and real enjoyment are sacrificed, and the appearance is soon followed by embarrassment. He must now, if possible, borrow; but he forgets, that he borrows to put on fetters. It was the excellent advice of that very exalted and wise character, Philip Henry to his children, "Tremble to borrow two-pence," we may add, for that two-pence will cost three-pence, and if a man begins to lose one third of his time, his comfort, property, or liberty, he may

tremble for the rest. But there is a fatal sort of wrong-headedness accompanies the unwise in all that he does; the maxims of wisdom, the counsels of friends avail nothing to him; his eyes are only open when complete ruin overwhelms him."

The thought of being added to the lengthened list of bankrupts, wrings my heart; the fear of sanctioning the evils I abominate, as next to that of murder, is too much for my mind to reflect upon, except with the full conviction, that I am not the remote or immediate cause of such an evil; and secondly, however, my wife may importune me to make provision for herself, I will do nothing of the kind, for I can sooner die a tortured death, than give up honesty to that idol self: to whom so much money, and so many consciences have been sacrificed. Thirdly, as sure as I have the hope of property falling to me at a future period, or should I be favoured with money in any degree, every farthing shall go as it comes to whom it is due. I will advertise, requesting the creditors of a person who sometime

since (owing to a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances) paid them a composition, would send him an account of their original demands. "He now having it in his power, is willing and desirous to make them full satisfaction," (not with a pistol, but with money to answer every honest demand.) This credit, this honour, this pleasure, shall be mine, let my wife say what she will. She may plead, it is so uncommon, that the world will call me a fool; I will answer, none but the unprincipled will call me so, and if it is an uncommon thing for men to act on principle, since bankruptcies are common, it proves the very low state of common honesty, which ought to shame thousands of the gay, who have injured their fellow-creatures irreparably, by wilfully or carelessly falling in their debt; and after being successful, appropriate all to their own use, utterly forgetful of that simple, but sublime maxim, whose meaning none can mistake; "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye to them likewise." Believing this a duty, and resolving to practise it, my wife seemed disposed to treat me

as if I was possessed with demons. She counts it being righteous over much. Her soul seems to envy the prosperity of the wicked, and the unprincipled. Truly, envy is a restless passion, walking the street, and doth not keep at home, but is always busy. Surely there is not a more tiresome, enmaring, and unthankful office, than that of putting every body right. It often awakens passion in my wife, to see all her gratuitious counsel and good sense slighted, so that officiousness and passion becoming companions, they are like the lame leading the blind, both are wretched and hobbling in their journey. I am resolved to go strait forward, for a cripple in the right way may beat a racer in the wrong one; nay, the swifter the man that forsakes the right road, the farther he leaves the proper object behind.

My wife foresees all evils, and tells exactly how and when they will happen, she kindly warns me of every misfortune that befals me, but it is invariably after the mischief is come upon me; for then with an air of boasting superiority,

she says, "I told you how it would be, but you would not believe me;" when I cannot recollect that she had said a word about it, until the thing had happened. My horse went blind, "which?" (said she) "the lame one." "Where has it been?" "In the meadow." "Oh well, I told you that horse would go blind, for he never could see well." Marjery had a beau, and would marry and leave us without warning. My wife said, "I told you so, but you would not provide another servant for me." The other morning it was most delightful, not a cloud to be seen; "My dear said I, may my Emmy go with me to the lodge?" "Yes, for there are no signs of rain." But a tempest arose, and the earth was covered with water; we returned dripping with wet. She met the child at the door snatched her in, "Come in poor thing, come in, your father would take you, though I said it would be rain, for my corns hurt me." Another time on returning from a journey, when all bemired by the fall of my horse, and half killed, she met me at the door, with the exulting consolation; "ah, I said it would be so, some judgment was sure to overtake

you, for your unbelief of my word.—Therefore I could not but wish for the happy lot of that man to whom the voice of God and of Providence says, "Thou shalt know thy tabernacle shalt be in peace, and shalt visit thy habitation, and not sin." And as a glowing regard over-flowed my soul for my family, I felt a conviction, that I had not believed or followed any cunningly devised fable. On the recollection of the family I had left, and the happy pair I had recently seen, I could not refrain from exclaiming, Oh! illustrious companion! The graces of her person, the elegance of her manners, and the incomparable candour of her mind, where love and peace wreath domestic happiness.

For who can count the innumerable joys
That "*dulce, dulce, domum*," dance around,
Where mutual love and harmony reside,
Where taste refin'd, and sense, and genius dwell;
Where mild contentment fills the flowing bowl,
Of "elegant sufficiency," and health;
"Where rural quiet, friendship, books," and ease
And labour, with industrious hand altern,
Beguile and cheer the cloudy days of life,

With lovlier hues tint ev'ry flowery path,
And on each scene felicity inscribe.

Oh! happy the husband, highly favoured of providence, that feels no want of those conversations which are carried on at night in a low voice, among bosom and chief friends, in mutual and undivided unity, when the husband is constrained to say

Your friendships added to the flowing cup
Of bliss connubial, half its mingled sweets,
Your tearful sorrow and condolence kind,
Full oft did mitigate my bleeding woes,
Your perpetuity of friendship soothes
My lowly griefs, and gilds my dreary path;
'Twas friendship, and friendly social board,
That gave retir'd home a zest peculiar,
And the vast sum of intercourse enlarg'd.
Or intercourse as varied as the sum
Of nature's ample multifarious stores.

In the course of a few days it was requisite for me to conduct my wife to a distant villa, which leads me to say, that passing through a forest, we heard the rattle of a broken bell among the

thickets, but neither could I nor my wife divine what it meant; apprehensive (as all creatures should be going to repose on the lap of providence,) it was an omen of ill; we hurried the horse and chaise to R—— Castle. In a few months after, passing the same road, I heard the same frightful noise, and soon a thin staring white faced creature appeared, with a bell about her neck, and the whole herd followed. Well, thought I, this is carrying the bell, exactly so; for this white faced heifer may make what noise, and go where she pleases with impunity. I remembered I once saw as large a herd dance attendance after my lady when she bore the bell at ———, how therefore can I expect that one who has carried the bell so long, should be reduced to humility, and condescend to let her husband go first. Let every young lady and batchelor think of the troubled husband.

Taking a walk with my children, and accidentally meeting a long train of horses, each with his well-proportioned load strapped to him as close as his skin,

and all accurately following the track of the leader, which had his burthen too, and a great belt round his neck, with a large bell in the middle, and several smaller on each side, forming an half circle, my daughter was much surprised, and I wished to observe for her recollection, the great bell is lowest, the first horse in duty bears the small and large bell and belt, in addition to his load with all the rest; so it is with the child, the parent, the neighbour, and magistrate, that fills his station best. "But father, the first bears the bell;" so thought I, and so my wife, my daughter, and so the whole world will have it, and I cannot bear

"To measure controversial swords with each Antagonist that zealously assails."

Indeed I had long found my wife's way was necessarily the best, for if I was not successful in any thing, with the utmost promptitude she would affirm, you will have your own way. In the introduction of winter, I asked if I should lay some eggs upon the oak floor, in the south or north store room. "As you please, surely you know best." In the winter, the eggs were frozen: a

circumstance we had not experienced in any preceding winter.

The moment she discovered a long and intense frost had penetrated where it had never been felt, she complained, and with her usual warmth of spirit, exclaimed, "See what a creature you are: I told you they would be frozen, but you will have your own way." The apparent acrimony, and my pains, then led me to exclaim, Oh! happy circumstance, were we both employed in rendering each other happy, during the short time allowed us to dwell together. Oh, how soon time will take a stride over the small niche providence has given us in this vast creation, and close that niche forever.

As I had found, through bad management in my family, and a prevailing improvidence in all my domestic concerns, that I could go on no longer; my creditors against my will made me a bankrupt. But as providence now cast into my hands considerable property, I resolved to execute my former determination, I sat down to draw up an advertisement, requesting all my credi-

tors to send in their original sums. As I was called out of the office for a moment, my son, European, cast his eye upon the honest scrawl, holding it in his hand at my return. "Father said he, this seems a thing so very rare, that I am astonished you should advertise, requesting persons to pay attention to a case so stale." "Son, I cannot rest satisfied except I discharge the debt, I still owe in point of justice; therefore why should I not have the pleasure of paying my debts, and afford creditors the happiness of receiving their own? I have created their unhappiness and my own by adversity, and shall I retain what is not my own to their greater injury and my guilt." European; I wish to impress your mind, by setting in full view that discarded maxim, "Owe no man any thing," and "Whatsoever ye would that man should do to you, do ye to them likewise." When I am no more, most steadily pursue the object where the path of virtue is least frequented. You know by various means, that my failure was the result of bad management, and you have your success, to create by caution, circumspection, industry, and economy. You

saw all my stockings when you was a perfect boy, rotting in their dirt and unrepaired. Suppose they were worth forty shillings, in a short time they became much worse, new ones were bought to supply their place, and in an emergent case, high priced ones, as I could not wait, and my old ones were not repaired. Twenty shillings were expended in new ones Thus on a moderate calculation, including all my things, I can make it evident that ten times too much money has been cast away. I repeat it my son, bad management, extravagance, and a prevailing improvidence in all my domestic concerns, brought me to the deplorable condition to which we have reference.

Oh! that I could have persuaded my wife, that she who runs in debt, gives another person power over her liberty. How often I have been ashamed to meet my creditor, because I could not pay, or did not like to speak to him, and if I did I made poor pitiful excuses, and by degrees, my veracity was exposed, I was tempted to base lying, to hide my wife's expenses, or to downright falsehoods to

hide my shame, or to equivocation, until my humbling circumstances brought me into fetters, though a free born Englishman.

Bad management is the mother of cruel evils. Many a pound was spent upon my wife, that she might enter a room gracefully, and walk genteely, nor could I but believe that the dancing-master was successful, but I find now, she goes about every thing by fits and starts, sometimes she will embrace me most cordially for a moment, but if I set my cane in the parlour, dropped a pocket handkerchief, or mistook a word, she would fret and scold, which often made me thankful that my legs and arms were fastened to my body. This was one reason of the fatal choice I made of a companion, for the people that go by fits and starts, are generally better companions abroad than at home; more lovely before than after marriage.

One day, or at least a very small part of a day, she was all kindness and love, the other part of the day inaccessible as Mount Etna. Continually she was praising the cook, or lowering the victuals,

or praising the victuals, but lowering the cook. Sometimes exalting them all, but more frequently degrading them. And what was most irksome to my mind, and the greatest trouble to my soul, she was so whimsical in religion, for she was religious by fits and starts, and yet, I could not say she had good and bad fits in this respect, for she that attempts to catch religion by whim, neither plucks its cheering fruit, nor partakes of its healing spirit. She could call herself wicked indeed, the essence of wickedness, so bad, no body was like her; which was either false or true. If true, it would be infinitely better to confess it to God than to man, lest man should believe her, and she should not catch the praise she sometimes sought, nor obtain forgiveness with many. But if it was a falsehood, for conscience sake it ought not to be once named. One infallible rule always guided my judgment in these important things: "By their fruits ye shall know them." And I have known her, and many of her brethren and sisters, to pull a long face, and whine out a tale of their wickedness, as if religion was to be known by distorting the fea-

tures, rather than by changing the corrupt disposition, subduing evil affections, and producing whatsoever is lovely and of good report. It is from such miserable distortions and vague pretensions that the infidel derives a sneering glow of soul, against the existence and truth of those principles, which figuratively speaking, turn the lion into a lamb, and the enemy of God into a friend; but, because some may put on the garb and miserably mimic a Garrick, does this prove that such a person never had a being.

I cannot form a good opinion of that professor, who on the day before, or days after the sabbath, can torment her family with groundless complaints, fretting and ill-nature; peevish at home and abroad; just as the fit takes her. A cloud could not be more tossed about with every wind, than my wife with every gust of passion: without considering that—what we are in our hearts towards God, and in life towards man, that we are in reality in the sight of him that shall judge us.

I perceive, in order for our mutual happiness, we ought incessantly to attract and repel each other by filling some place; we ought to possess equal power of genius, but directed to different objects, one to the management of the house, and the other to the management of the shop. There should be similar principles, and the same fund of sensibility, and though there may be humours that cross each other, yet there should be tastes that assimilate, in one word, great contrast of character. *Thought*, the characteristic feature of the man, and *feeling* that of the woman, with great sensibility in both. "Love like a celestial wind should swell the sails of virtue, and multiply the storms of conscience against vice."

My eyes were opened to the conviction, that my wife supposed I had not a very strong head, and shruged her shoulders with pity, when I talked of those moral sentiments, which are the core of true happiness, and spectators asked, "what all this proved?" My wife answered "the weakness of my husband."

If I said any thing truly sober, I was accused of religious melancholy, nor could any thing I was able to advance, rectify the fallacy of such an accusation. To say I had seen men and women melancholy through gaiety, disappointment, love of the world, and its distracting cares, would be at once to prove the accuracy of her charge.

Notwithstanding, I never could submit to the correctness of the term religious melancholy, because there is nothing melancholy in the pardon of sin, acceptance with my Maker, and joy and peace through believing the divine testimony of him that cannot lie. What a grating, if not a blasphemous use of terms, what an attempt to strip religion of its charms, to say the all-wise, good, perfect, holy, and unerring Being, has given doctrines and commandments to make his creatures melancholy, under the pretence of making them happy and wise unto salvation. As well might we affirm that Nero was right when he burnt christians for atheism, and Robespierre was just

when he gullotined them for over-credulity.* When she imputes the malignant influence of melancholy to religion, I no longer recognize good tidings to men, and peace on earth, a *sovereign balm* to sooth the miseries, relieve the wants, and heal the wounds of a bleeding heart. Melancholy is principally engendered by the disordered state of the passions, when destitute of the *sovereign balm* of restoration.

As well might the patient impute his deep rooted malady to the restoring medicines, as the physician impute melancholy to religion. Nothing can so effectually dissipate the troubles of the heart, nothing can so well restore to perfect concord the harmonies of the soul. For when we take refuge in the sanctuary of the gospel, we feel we breathe a more tranquil air, and our spirits are soon calmed by its benign influence.

How did my glowing heart within me burn,
Whene'er I talk'd on subjects all divine,

* Chateaubriands Recollections of Italy, &c. vol. ii. p. 18, Eusel lib. 4 chap. 15.

Of infinite concern to erring man!
Scoff ye profane, that the delightful home,
Should to religion owe sublimest joy,
What shall the conscious favour of a God?
The trembling horrors of his vengeful wrath,
That cheers the virtuous, pains the sinners breast;
With levity be spurn'd, unworthy deem'd
To mingle with the joys of wedded love!

To be destitute of the practice of piety, to live opposed to the spirit of holiness, to live and die ignorant of the way to God and happiness, to be destitute of acceptance with God, is the genius of melancholy itself. For what can be more gloomy, than to be suspended over the fathomless abyss of eternity, without a friend to support or deliver. Unbelief and crude infidelity strip me of that friend I otherwise find in him, who is "able to save to the uttermost!" Must I then give up my hope of eternity and abandon the prospect of an happy immortality, and restrain all my ideas and hopes to a circle of mud from which I cannot free myself. I startle, and appeal to the intelligent mind, whether this is the direct road to evade or embrace melancholy, since all things here below

must perish, and the very elements of this terrestrial frame, melt with fervent heat and pass away as the shadow of a cloud, leaving no trace behind. Does common sense say that this will replace the joy and blessed immortality the infidel refuses to see in heaven. Oh! cruel infidelity, to unclose the wound by tearing from my heart the remedy that led me to forget my troubles. I now saw to lay my heart open to my wife, was to encounter a laugh at my weakness, and a sneer at my virtues, without awakening any pity for my sorrows.

When earthly joys are overweighed
With mountains of vexatious cares.

I felt that my choice of a wife was taxed twice upon me by idleness, three times by pride, and four times by folly. The income (or rather outgoing) tax has often tried my purse, but this has tried my patience and peace, and taxed every comfort I had. I began to think this a grievous government, for sloth, like rust, consumes the wards and the key faster than labour. Lost time in bed or up, at home or abroad, is never regained. My

father taught me that industry makes every thing easy; and now, to my cost, I found that sloth makes all things difficult, for she that rises late must run all day, and shall scarce overtake her business by midnight. While indolence travels so slowly, poverty soon over takes it, while indolence moves so softly, it is the mere sound of the bare-foot, and one lightly clothed with shreds. I often saw that as my wife drove off her business in the morning, before night it hurried her into every angry word, dirty corner, and scene of unhappiness. It is a tormenting, if not a fruitless wish, to hope in such hopeless circumstances for better times. My wife would not believe that diligence "need not wish, and she that lives upon hope will die fasting." I often felt and indulged the conviction that it was in our power to improve our state, for the industrious and frugal put every thing to the best use, and I have not seen Providence leave them to starve. Industry will pay debts, prudence will prevent them, while indolence and despair will increase them."

Every child, servant, and circum-

stance, was so neglected, that I soon saw, want of care does more injury than want of knowledge. Let others boast of the wonderful progress of knowledge, when opposed to the barbarism of past ages. I will step out of the way to affirm, it was not ignorance which once set all Europe on fire, and inundated it with the blood of men and martyrs, in setting religious disputation. It was error that raised her malignant crest, and vaunted, "I will be first." Ignorance of the tree of good and evil, of Satan's power of the guile of the serpent, was not man's ruin, but his friend.

Ignorance conceals from us what we are to encounter to-morrow, without the possibility of escaping, the inconstancy of friends, the revolutions of fortune, calumnies, and the hour of death, so tremendous to most men. But error is always an evil.

Negligence, like error, sometimes creates the greatest loss, the most beautiful mould candle, through a little inattention, will gutter down; the remains become a disgusting heap of

deformity, the pedestal is overflowed; the green cloth and the table, if not the carpet and poor little snap, are all injured by the grease.

My wife determined to visit London, though I felt as great an objection as I possibly could to an adventure upon the sea, considering the city analogous, and in a terrible light. This she affirmed, was without reflecting on the wonders and blessings it so evidently presents to us. But Isabella, it is certain, that like the sea, one wave or swell of people overpowers another, and I cannot divine what will become of you, should you be caught in the stream, while the very solitudes of the ocean gulph down in her profound abysses, vessels the foul and the clean; whether they were the flourishing monuments of pride and craft, superstition and impiety, violence and perfidy, the incessant warfare keeps the wretched inhabitants alert. I am frightened at the whirlpools that turn and sink many a vessel.

"These fancies (said Isabella) may almost sever a split-stick like yourself,

but they cannot apply to the amphitheatre of the world." Why not, since whirlpools are occasioned by great cavities in the sea, where rocks and different currents meet, and is there no resemblance in Town? Beside the rivers hurry into the sea different insects, marine plants, the mixture of many things (as incongruous as St. Paul's Cathedral and Bedlam) which vary in their colour and shape, some are brilliant stones, inflammable substances, and others not to be distinguished from shining insects, and in all a flux and reflux, some in high tide, and others in the lowest waters, raking with a hook to scrape a mite of iron, which a greedy shark could not see to devour. In some of the lower parts we should have found some difficulty in believing there could be living creatures, did we not discover in shreds something erect, in the midst of wild disorder and savage confusion. Yet, it must be admitted, however innumerable the inhabitants of the sea, and different their species, there is as much order as can be expected. For they have their particular distinct food, way of life, character, and instincts, with shades and

almost insensible gradation from one species to another, so that one begins where no man can point out that the other ends. Some are so small they are scarcely visible, others are so large as scarcely to afford room for us to rush by. Some totally without ornament, and others adorned with the most lively and beautiful colours. Some species multiply very little, and others devour all before them, with undismayed avarice; as the shark, not only devours its own species, when pressed by hunger, but without scruple, swallows the cordage, cloth, pitch, wood, and iron, that comes in its way.

Man, O, man, thou speck of existence, how is it that these widely extending or contracted, these gay or gloomy streets, houses, bridges, and shops, horses, vehicles, and numerous herds of Smithfield, should all be conferred upon animals which have not the government of their passions. O, man! I cast the glance again at thee, thou feeble transitory creature, animated by passions at once ferocious and generous, despicable and immortal, born without instinct, and

yet acquiring knowledge; springs from the dust, and blossoms to the skies.

My wife arrived safe in Town, but when walking up Cheapside, for want of a pin, her beautiful silk gown was caught in the crowd and slit to pieces, while the whistling villain slided on: for want of the gown, my wife was stripped, frighted, exposed, took cold, and was thrown into a fever, which nearly cost her life. At all events, it was a tax upon my pocket to pay the doctor. Every body that walks in Cheapside, should learn how to carry his arms, dress neat, or keep his clothes as belonging unto and fitting his body. A tidy person has the advantage of a slattern. I have found torn clothes, and neglected holes, and unnecessary bills, in their baneful effect like taking blood from the constitution, they have lessoned the quantity, rather than improved the quality, by turning silver into gold. This is a little account, and that a small bill, true, but taking a little blood at once does not prevent the downfall of the constitution, if these little diminutions of the quantity are very frequent.

A man may file away a wedge of gold by small particles; a mountain of ice may almost imperceptibly disappear, under the thawing sun.

> To obey the impulse of another mind,
> A silent secret, terrible controul;
> Submission, bondage, and resistance death.

I cannot forget the last lines, for when we returned from Town, some of our good neighbours, who never had seen London, paid a morning visit, to elicit all possible information. When my wife replied to their inquiries: "Indeed ladies you expect too much from me, as I anticipated more assistance than my husband was able to give, for he is no delineator of men and manners. He cannot give the features, the costume, the scenery of different nations. Many a secret snatch I gave him. Is not that person a foreigner? In vain was my inquiry. Nor could he represent the actions of the great, or the victories of the brave, though he unseasonably buzzed in my ears." Oh, the harmonies of domestic life, they seem to be lost in the bustle, in the collection of good and

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had, of foreign, and home-bred mortals, birds and beasts. Sometimes the fascinations of personal beauty produced an effect at once pleasing and powerful. I admit London, said he, is the favourite retreat for multitudes, that dread the light of the country, because their deeds are evil.

Ladies, I assure you, Town is not only a source of wonder and of exquisite delight to the discriminating of all nations, but there a reflecting mind will often discover the most absurd experiments of a vitiated taste, which I admit, sometimes bears away the multitude.

Every man, and almost every woman, now reads, thinks, projects, and accomplishes. The force of human reflection has burst the chain which once bound mankind, and the meanest peasant, that hobbles upon his crutches, can trace the language of truth or falsehood, by print shops, or by pages calculated by the plainest doctrines, and in the most rational manner, to awaken, enlighten, harmonize, regulate, and refine the understanding: so that, as my husband says, the verse is mute, but the

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sentiment lives. "Britons will be free."

"Madame, it must be a happy circumstance to have so intelligent a companion in Town!" Bless you ladies, if you will believe me, as I said before, my husband is not so very intelligent, for he could give me no account of the livery, common-council, the aldermen, and the lord mayor; nor of the government of the city. To which inquiries he said, interest, interest, is the lever that moves, if not governs all mankind.

As I entered the room, I caught sufficient of the last sentence to recognize my opinion. The ladies congratulated me on my safe arrival, and hoped my fears were banished. Ladies my concern was for our safety at a public exhibition, which my wife says is one of the most fostering spheres for the expansion of genius, in the world of painting, as well as of letters, where if I did not please, I feared the censure, that prejudice and partiality had disseminated their noxious vapours, and therefore

contaminated and blasted the very root of my genius.

My wife rising, and hastily passing out of the room, said, "and so it was, for you looked like the sculpture in the sublime temple of St. Paul's, where they speak every thing but their mortal wound."

Nor could she hold her tongue a minute,
Though all she said had nothing in it.

"I suppose sir, you saw the Panorama:" "Yes ladies, and while looking at the battle of Waterloo, I thought those persons who have been so brilliantly distinguished, have not been reared in the popular circle of Town, where the vortex of business throws the population into narrow streets, dark rooms, and deplorable cells; but in the school of arms, the wild bosom of the ocean, or in rural life: They have not been the weakly plants of a fashionable hotbed, where indolence begets vice, and vice becomes the parent of lassitude, apathy, disease, and death."

My every pleasure shar'd my ev'ry pain.

For while I beheld opponents falling over each other in the arms of death, and weltering in their own gore—my heart was affected with the chilling thought, where are their spirits, and how will they agree in another world ! !

——————— "A fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood
To see it rushing forth in blood."

I hope, sir, you was highly gratified with the manners of London. That I cannot say ladies, for in the grand mart of our nation I looked for the manners of our forefathers who raised us to a people, but I could not find "the break-"fast at sun-rise, the noon-tide repast, "nor the twilight pillow of repose, "which marked the days of queen Eliza-"beth: they are now exchanged for "the evening breakfast, and the mid-"night dinner, while the dawn is usher-"ed in with a supper, and our sweet "morning hours are wasted in the most "enervating slumbers."

"Come then ye thoughtless dissipated tribe
"Who eat and sleep, and sleep and eat,

"And day by day the still unvaried round
"Of fashionable folly tread."

And see even the cheek of British beauty fades prematurely, not by the cheering rays of the sun, but by the taper-light of the sun-excluding ball-room, where the people scarcely rise to see the sun go to bed. Yet,

To see and be seen in heaps they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone.

Time, precious time, ladies, is also taught to display a change of his ancient occupation, and domestics are now sleeping at the west end of the metropolis, at an hour when the courtiers of Henry the VIII. were preparing for the noon-dinner. Novels are read with the greatest avidity; the female longs for the hour of closing the shop doors, that she may indulge the fooleries of a distempered imagination, over the fulsome and melting pages of a love fraught tale. Opera-glasses, and even spectacles are used by persons, sufficiently clear sighted, to be oculists in ten thousand instances. Besides, ladies, we who

reside in the country, are fearless of a wholesome exertion, but in London, their carriages are hung one spring upon another, to prevent the advantages of a seasonable exercise.

"We are happy sir, at all events to see you safe out of your fears." I cannot say you are accurate ladies, for my fear was, if any, of these eccentricities should once take hold of my wife, I shall have sorrow upon sorrow, expence in addition to expence, and never, no never, live to see such friends separated. For sofas of down, pillows of perfume, artificial festoons of flowers, iced wines, and fruits, like my expences, must all march in the encroachments of elegant luxury; all worth going to Town to learn, and all indispensable acquirements, where there is a determination to be genteel. Ah, ladies, you look around at the new sofas, &c. and nod a painful assent; but this is not all, for many a parley will enter our sleeping room, to disturb our repose, for I venerate the velvet canopies of our grandsires, but my wife exclaims they are the repositories of

dust, the perpetual nurseries of obnoxious vermin, promote the contagion of diseases, and form an apology for both filth and idleness. That last plea, ladies, disarms all my arguments in favour of antiquity, as a *friend to industry and cleanliness*: for when the Mrs. pleads in behalf of industry and cleanliness, the master will reap the benefit. Down they must come, and down my tears may flow. Oh! the labours of my mother, and my mother's mother. Nothing can prevail, the bed furniture must be composed of cotton, as most conducive to cleanliness and comfort, for what dust, what insect dare rest upon such consumables, for fear of a most dreadful inflammation. Have patience ladies, while I assure you this, all this is not half the way to the end of my fears, for to tell the truth, I must pay the cost, and I am afraid that my man-servant will take the place of my maid-servant, since men are honourably employed in the most effeminate branches of art and commerce; as the artificial florist, and the man-milliner, and the man sage-femme are the most conspicuous innovators. I never can endure the sight of a young artless

female, employed at all seasons, in all weathers to run of errands, to carry the milk-pail, the boxes, to plough the field, and sow the seed, while with soft tread and unwet feet, the perfumed coxcomb shall help my lady to measure a riband at home, or fold the gauze, and lisp, and clip fine phrases to flatter customers. What Briton, ladies, what true Briton, can bear it. Rather than my domestic establishment should be so altered, I wish Lord Wellington would draw his sword, and all the maids in the country join to rally these proud lacqueys, and hunt them out of their encroaching offices, lest they spend their days in idleness, and swagger away a life in pampered ease, and turn the very entrance of my house into a hall of idle ceremony, and often tell the stranger that I am not at home, rather than open the door; while the poor female of more delicate texture, who deserves our attention, must fag, and scrub, and wash, at home and abroad.

Oh, that the kindest, the very best of kings, could consider how his subjects are degenerating. My country, my

country, how is thy race of Britons at this period become an effeminate race of modern housekeepers.

"The law of custom is the law of fools,
And yet the wise are governed by her rules."

The ladies departing, my wife directed me to write to an intimate friend, because she had not time. I took up my pen, but not a mark would it make. I snatched up a second, exactly the same stiffness. I twitched up a third, and though plunged in the best ink, not a single scrawl could I produce. One seemed to say, if you wont do any thing, not a single stroke will I make, the whole heap refused every service, adding to my trouble, by raising the fidgets, and the expectation of a scolding from my wife. I threatened to burn them all for a conspiracy, which bore such an exact resemblance to my domestics last year, that I was glad to get rid of them. But taking up one pen to try again, its docility was exceedingly great, and trying the rest, I found them all of one mind, equally yielding to the slightest pressure. I leave the cogasi-

ous to find out the cause, and point out the effect of this conspiracy. Though I thought the trial was fair and the case was clear against them, yet my wife said all was against myself, and thus we began anew year.

I could not persuade my wife, that to pay our way, we must think of saving, as well as of getting. The income tax I have not made government rich, because her outgoing is equal to her incoming. But my wife rigidly renews the old tale, a little company, a few great dinners, a little finer dress, and a little more wine, cannot hurt any body. But it perversely ran in my head,

"Those who dainties love,
"Soon shall beggars prove."

My wife never passes at a cheap bargain, by this means we have been grievously straitened in our business, while she has freely laid out money to purchase repentance for me, silks and satins, and cheap penny worths have put out the parlour fire, because they were perfectly unnecessary, and of course

unprofitable bargains. When my wife has bought one fine thing, she must buy many more, that there may be an equality in our appearance. I have bewailed the evils of a bad memory, for my wife forgeting her debts, supposed she had paid many, when in reality she had discharged none. The creditors do not forget me, like malice, they have a long memory, and set times when they will be seen and heard, so much of this have I seen and felt, that I would rather go to bed supperless, than rise from my sofa in debt.

The path of life, to those who are blessed with a good help-mate, is as the right side of the embroidery, but mine has been on the wrong side, an heap of confusion, yet mixed with complicated turns, and many a cruel twist. My wife accustomed herself to notice the form, size, position, complexion, and flavour of every dish upon the table, and as a testimony of her good breeding, one was over-done, another under-done, or not done at all; others were too old, kept beyond their proper flavour, others were too rich, others too poor, too

sweet, or so sour they were unbearable. My children were asked a thousand questions when they returned from a visit, and at home continually perplexed, with what would you like my dear, so that the parent entirely gave up her judgment of what was best for the child, that like a little animal it might be governed by its taste. Many subordinate things were unavoidably brought into the account, as one had too much, another too little, or not the bit he exactly liked, one turned sullen, another found fault, a third gorged himself. This was more than I could bear, but to quarrel would not mend the matter. The mother always affirmed she would sooner die, than be brought into subjection to any man, though one of the best of women called Abraham Lord, and set an example of subjection, she scorned being a daughter of Sarah, and to rule as a tyrant was more than my mind could bear.

With laurel bind the head of him,
Who fond of peace, now sheaths the sword.

I remember at my father's table, there

was no discussion whether the dishes were well or ill prepared, the victuals in or out of season, tasted agreeably or the contrary, or were preferable or inferior to other dishes of the same kind. Being accustomed from my infancy to the utmost inattention to these matters, I have been all my life freed from one of the most beastly species of bondage, and wholly indifferent as to what kind of food was set before me, providing it was clean and wholesome, and even now I pay so little attention to it, that a few hours after dinner, I should be unable to say of what it had consisted.

Though some may suppose that I cannot give a stronger proof of my want of good breeding, than to be concerned about my debts, and perfectly unconcerned about my food, yet I have found many great advantages arising from this habit. For when I was directed by a

* The author sincerely sympathises with those tender constitutions, which find it more difficult to swallow and digest a morsel of wheaten bread, than the healthy and robust constitution does to digest the most homely fare.

committee on business to the north, in the execution of my commission, I was to take up my abode in the habitation of a person worth many thousands. On my approach I found the door was open, the puppy and its mother, the cat and her kitten occupied the hearth, before a scorching fire. A small pig, a sack of flour, the jay and wicker cage, with other furniture adorned the room. The old lady soon entered, and with a cheering smile most cordially welcomed the stranger to be seated, and take a repast; gin, brandy, rum, various wines, cake, bread and cheese of various sorts, were placed upon the table with dexterity; but the chief obstacle was to distinguish the liquid in the glass, and effectually separate it from the external and disgusting coating, however, by recollecting how boys pout, I shot the under lip over the edge of the glass, and succeeded without the difficulty under which my clerical friend was compelled to labour, when he complained of a dirty knife and plate, and the servant muttered, "don't be so scrupulous, sir, for you must eat a peck of dirt before you die." In a passionate tone,

he cried, "You hussy, I don't like to eat so much at once!!!"

I have often met with people, who, possessing a nicer taste than myself, because they cultivated it more, suffered much on occasions, where, for my own part, I perceived nothing grievously wanting, but a grateful heart, and a renunciation of idolizing the belly.

"If petty evils round you swarm,
"Let not their buz your temper warm;
"But brush them from your mind away,
"Like insects of a summer's day.

One evening, unhappily my wife caught the idea that every thing dies with us. Here I saw another trouble arise, for as on the one hand reason could not turn her thoughts the right way, so on the other the salutary check of a future retribution had lost its hold of her mind. She soon affirmed, "We ought to believe our own experience, we were nothing before our birth, and we shall be nothing after our death." Well, then may not I adopt the analogy by taking my point of comparison from the

moment when I was nothing, and when I came into existence, and what becomes of the argument? Is not one positive proof better than all the negative proofs in the universe? "I am right, say what you will." But consider wife, you conclude from an unknown past to an unknown future, to perpetuate the nothingness of your husband, and I deduce my consequence from the present, which I know to the future which I do not know, as an assurance of this future existence, I proceed on the presumption of a goodness and justice to come; from the instances of goodness and justice which I actually see diffused all around me.

Oh! Isabella, all the wealth of worlds,
Nor all its vanities and gay delights
Could e'er seduce my bosom to forego
The sacred hours, when stealing from the noise
Of care and envy.

The more I think of God the more I love him, and the thought of no hereafter to enjoy the felicity and purity of a better state, and the more immediate presence of God, is a shock greater than

I can bear. It casts me with merciless hands from the genial warmth of the sun to the frozen poles. Its cruel grasp presses all the remains of vivacity and turns me to an unfeeling, senseless block.

Come wife, let us indulge the conviction, that he who has amply provided for our bodies, and brought them to their maturity below, has prepared a place for his people above, where the souls of the redeemed will arrive at that maturity they never can attain on earth.

"And did not he, who fills the middle throne
"In yonder world of spirits, lead to founts
"Of everlasting joy—wipe ev'ry tear,
"And sighs and sorrows close, each pang I feel
"Eternal blank!!!"

"Well, say what you will, I am wiser than to believe your doctrine." My doctrine, my dear, it is the doctrine of the conscience—of the patriarchs—judges—prophets—of the bible, and of God. For it is the province of religion kindly to take us up where philosophy leads us astray; shew us the nature of

ills we experience, by unfolding their origin. Were pride and vanity to be the arbiter of our felicity, they would render us unhappy. We are now in exile, let us look for our future complete emancipation by a teacher that cannot lie, and who kindly says: "Acquaint thyself now with God, and be at peace, and thereby good shall come unto thy soul."

"Our life in such a mould is cast,
"'Tis plain it is not made to last:
"'Tis but a state of trial here,
"To fit us for a purer sphere;
"A scene of contest for a prize,
"That in another region lies;
"In better worlds and brighter skies
"Here doom'd a painful lot to bare,
"Our happiness is treasur'd there."

To proceed with the narrative, it may be remarked that the rapid stream of years roll on, the growth of my children, the date of letters, and the mixture of grey upon my companion, not only deeply affected my mind, and excited no small degree of cogitation, but whatever economy I might possess, and

however brought up under the impression that a stitch in time saves nine; yet, I saw the whole of my feeling, economy and the old adage reversed, for often the neglect of a stitch in time compelled me to buy new things for convenience The other day I had to go a journey in great haste, and I found that a complete omission to wash the tea-things, impelled me to take breakfast without the time and trouble of washing the utensils, or I must have had none, and many evils must give way to the demands of nature and the hurry of a coach. This led me to form a conception, that much trouble might be saved by reversing the established order of my grandfather and grandmother, and yet, I perceive I am unintentionally pushed into a dilemma, for if a woman wants to use a dish, pail, glass, tea-cup, or any thing else, what trouble it saves to find it ready washed, but if they are never washed at all, would not more trouble be saved? For to put things up dirty, and wait until there are half as many to clean as I have seen at Stourbridge fair, must create great trouble; dirt so thick, requires great and

long scrubbing; and it is difficult to separate such old friends. Whereas, I was convinced, however, the new adage may be esteemed, and have its run, about taking things as they are, yet if things had been cleansed at first, it would only have filled up little vacancies of time, which time never would have been missed. It was also my trouble to see that every thing left so neglected or dirty, tends to sour somethings and minds about it, and a heap of dirty things cast into the closet, made it necessary to cleanse the closet frequently, and many scrubbings take place, and so many brushes to be bought, cost what they will, that I had the trouble to find, that a wife must either clean away the dirt, or the husband must live in it, though he cannot learn the art of digesting it as food.

The loss of one button of the waistcoat is a provoking thing, when a man needs bracing, and lives far from the master of the needle. It was my trouble to live under a conviction, that the needle was so far given up to the tailor, that my wife would sooner see my bowels

pressing beyond the range of buttons, than replace or fasten one. I took up a beautiful pair of kid gloves, made by some unprincipled stitch of a manufacturer, originally sewed with a hot needle and a burnt thread, they were flying open from side to side, from thumb to finger, and from finger to thumb. My wife said they were like some of my stockings, (yes, thought I, cast aside a little hole, until the moths had followed the example by making a thousand more,) they have been neglected too long, and now there is no means of remedying the evil, but by a new pair. I sighed because I felt so many inroads were made into my purse. Conviction seated upon his throne said all this, and much more might have been prevented by a few minutes trouble; that they might now be repaired, and if not, they are a waste of time, of credit and of money, must all go together, as the west-wind hurried the locusts into the red sea. Believe me, I do not exaggerate when I say I was tried from one moon to another through the year, cheated, betrayed, abused, but all this vexation of spirit

without remedy. I have read of infallible quack remedies; to grapple with, bind, and cast out a thousand foes to the constitution. But never could I find a sage mortal suggest a prescription to meet my case. The only ballast to keep the vessel in any degree of security is, "Let patience have her perfect work, and in patience possess ye your souls." Here I wish to stand guarded, for when the mind is changed, every thing changes with it, and when a man is at discord with himself, he is continually from home.

Every effort to bring my wife to imbibe a gospel spirit, appeared to me perfectly fruitless, unless I could lead her to form some exalted idea of the great commander, for when we see the Deity of Christ stands upon the basis of his claims which he has advanced, of worship which he has graciously permitted, of power which he has exercised, of attributes which he sustains, of love unexampled, and of an empire unbounded as the universe, unchangeable as God, and infinite as eternity; it was

upon the wings of his cheering commands, that I found my soul lifted up as to the city of God, while gratitude, love, and admiration swelled the sails to bear away.

All this, said my wife, is perfect enthusiasm. No, no, enthusiasm is that unhappy state of mind, which disposes a person to give a stronger assent to a religious proposition than the evidence will justify. Generally speaking it implies a pretence to supernatural communications, on which is founded a belief in certain doctrines, and the performance of certain actions which the scriptures have not authorized or revealed. My son being present, he said, "Where father, is the danger or evil of enthusiasm, since it gratifies multitudes?" It is a dangerous delusion, as it tends to disannul the true standard of religion, and by the extravagancies and follies it produces, it contributes to bring piety into disgrace, and very frequently such persons are mechanically moved by their feelings, and more alive to superstition than to sober conviction.

Enthusiasm, "is an excessive devotion of the mind, to any particular employment or opinion." Enthusiasm in science is genius, in vice it is spirit, in war it is loyalty and honour; but in religion the irreligious world calls it madness.

In religion, I have observed Orthodoxy is my doxy, for that which is my religious opinion, is heterodoxy in my wife's view, therefore it cannot be her doxy, nor can her doxy be mine, so that every man's doxy is orthodoxy. For who does not say orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is your doxy.*

In accommodations I have observed also, that my wife's eyes became larger than my house, for she constantly fixed her mind upon a neighbour's mansion. She not only lays storm to great places

* True orthodoxy is to put the principal things of religion in the principal place, and give each truth its due weight.

with feeble means, but with less talents to carry her point She begins many things but finishes none, that cost any pains: one job I notice in this closet, another in that cupboard, or in that basket, reminds me of negligence the source of my sorrow. My child "planted "in her little garden some sweet peas, "they began to chit, but they were rooted "up to put in a little lupine seed, which "was soon displaced that the spot might "be occupied by other seeds; thus the "summer passed away, and all this plant-"ing and rooting up thwarted the opera-"tions of nature," and it was for nought. Poor child, thought I, thou art a frail plant, from a stock, that thus spends her life without maturing any of her projects.

I noticed if I gave good advice, she never would take it, because I never could give good conduct; on this ground I have the painful recollection, that I could not help her in a thousand instances; and as in many instances I noticed she would not hear reason, so in many cases reason would not hear her.

My Father * had often reminded me that reason and wisdom were twins: and both say, "Be industrious in thy calling, be frugal as possible; and both reason and wisdom say." All may be blasted without the blessing of heaven; and therefore ask that blessing in meekness and humility, and be not uncharitable to those who at present seem to need it, but comfort and help them." Remember, Job suffered and afterwards was prosperous. Lazarus was poor, but has a residence in heaven, let such have a place in thy heart.

My sorrow it is true was very great, and as I had often found sleep itself dispel my chagrin more than a book of dry morals, I frequently said,

Hail! bamly pow'r! that cans't repair,
The constant waste of human care;
To the sad heart afford relief,
And give a respite to its grief:

* I leave it with the inquisitive to prove whether any man in Great Britain has better ground, to call Dr. Franklin father, than myself.

Sans't calm, through night's composing hours,
The threat'ning storm that daily low'rs:
On the rude flint the wretched cheer,
And to a smile transform the tear.

but this distress was immoveable, and such as no means could mitigate, without recourse to God, and happy, still happy I found myself, when this was the central point toward which all the paths of my life converged.

I observed also, that I had not sufficiently distinguished between neatness and slovenliness, though I must admit, her dress was not the light drapery which adorns a Grecian statue; nor did it expose her legs, to put the remains of modesty in man, out of countenance: yet she had no idea of putting on what was proper, in a decent manner. Dress is certainly a very silly thing, and it is equally disgusting to make a foolish thing of it. She had no idea of avoiding particular characters in her dress, and of being clean for her own sake, and neat to please the eyes of her husband.

After all, my wife's temper was not a

weak disposition of mind, nor an insensible indifference to injuries, it was very far from that sort of temper, that is often drawn aside for want of resolution to stand to what she supposed to be right; nor was it a temper fond always to oblige and afraid to oppose, and therefore, led to dissemble and temporise, which like a cameleon is continually changing according to the company it keeps; nor was it that kindness and sweetness of mind, that sympathizing, generous, and benevolent affection, attending to relative duties, which especially consists in a life of activity and usefulness. Nor was it a temper soured by poverty, corrupted by sickness, disappointments, or worldly cares. But it was that sort of temper, from which more evils arise than from ill fortunes, it was as it will speak for itself, a tyrannizing, tormenting frame of mind, teazed and fretted, a nervous roughness, and irritability, which became worse and worse.

On any trifling occasion, she would contradict me before the children, and some of the children caught so much of

her spirit as to contradict each other. Perceiving my wife's determination to maintain her ground, I frequently left the room in silence, and sometimes on my return I found the children could not open their lips, but with a snarling contradictory tone. If this occasionally issued in a push, the mother would bluster, and interfering, sanction any side, right or wrong, of course the sanctioned child stood on champion ground, with an air of defiance. One boy became so daring, that if the mother at any time levelled her noisy artillery against him, he had no apprehensions, but her stormy threatenings would very soon evaporate. My remedy, I considered in all these cases, was to set a better example, to guard against an ungovernable temper, to imitate the peaceable, and by no means enter into the scold, lest our house should be like the poor man possessed with demons, torn to pieces. "For the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water." It insinuates itself, and rallies men's passions before they are aware, and spreading itself in the heart, in the family, and amongst friends, it is not easily drained

off again. "Therefore, leave off contention, before it be meddled with, for the evil of contention is better prevented than remedied, and compassion drives stern thoughts away."

One day our clergyman came to chat and take tea with us, according to my wife's invitation. The servant had no sooner begun to hand the tea round, than my wife began to traduce the character of our former minister's widow, who was left with seven children, and a very uncertain and scanty support. The good man, not aware that it is the property of a scold to have the last word, modestly watched every opportunity to drop a very good hint, though an unseasonable one, because it only prolonged the raillery. At the close, my wife recollected, she had not only cast away every civility, but she saw she had actually forgot to send round the most excellent jug of cream. She endeavoured to make an handsome apology for her forgetfulness. To which, (gracefully rising), he rejoined with good temper: "Madam, I have always observed, when a person has lost the government of their own

temper, they very seldom know what they do, and I am grieved for those, who live under the unhappy bondage of such a cruel master: they will have much to answer for in a future day." Taking his hat, he cast an affectionate glance, but for peace sake, I thought prudent not to notice it. My wife directly turning the scolding to me, she wondered how I could think of bringing the gentleman to talk to her, and she was glad she had spoken her mind to him, and hoped I would bring no more visitors, " but you do not care if I and my children are brought to a morsel of bread."

Perhaps the reader says, it is a pity but I had known her temper before marriage. It is true, I need not have been ignorant of her temper, but I had not considered that temper is every thing. However, having fully discovered that our happiness, and misery in this vale of tears, are referable to the temper with which we receive our trials, meet our difficulties, or the frame of mind manifested under them, I was ready to exclaim, Oh! temper, temper,

is the atmosphere we carry with us salutary or noxious. If bad, it is like "the ashes of the furnace, sprinkled in the air, it strikes with boils and blains, tormenting indeed to the Egyptians." This I saw and felt in some unhappy degree, and I resolved to exemplify the word of God in my conduct, as my only shield. "For he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." It is true, some may think anger is valour, but I saw, he that being reviled, and reviles again, has lost his valour, because he is overcome by the great enemy of his peace. There may be fury in angry courage, but there is the victory of wisdom in a valiant patience. Evil tempers are worse enemies than external foes. Therefore, Joseph * was an inconceivably greater man in ruling his passion, than all the millions that have fallen a sacrifice to their own rashness. "It is an honour for a man to cease from strife." But, "He that is proud of heart stirreth up strife;" generally suspicious of disrespect in

* The Patriarch's son.

every thing, for ever discontent, and troubling others. "I was resolved not to be overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good," not with good railies, and blows, as the ungovernable temper calls them, but by good example. "For he that is slow to anger, appeaseth strife."

"The good man never fails to wield
"A broad and strong protecting shield,
"That will preserve him thro' the strife
"Which never fails to trouble life;
"And when he meets his final doom,
"Will form a trophy for his tomb."

My temper had been exceedingly irritable, but my soul now hates the monster of iniquity that once tore me without mercy, and is now daily slaying her thousands; I therefore determined to oppose the evil. It is my duty, and the endeavour of my heart to restrain and govern my passions; if not, all the wickedness we can commit, may have the natural temper and constitution to plead in its excuse. The murderer will excuse himself, by being of a passionate temper, just as my wife did;

the drunkard will plead the heat of his constitution, the thief an avaricious temper, and the lewd rake the acrimony of his blood, and when our passions are not governed by the power of reason, a sense of duty, or the influence of religion, they become our directors, and hurry us forward as the wind whirls chaff into the destructive fire.

Therefore, I pledge myself to subdue this formidable evil, on the ground of my own peace, the religion I profess, the good of all around me, the account I must give to God in a future day, and the lovely example of him who said, be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. "Hence I resolved to lay aside as a filthy garment, all malice, guile, hypocrisies, envies, and evil speaking." For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. "But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits." But, the works of the flesh are hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, and

they that do such things cannot inherit the kingdom of God.

To impress the mind with the vast importance of immediate attention to our family concerns, I referred my wife to the doctrines of Lord Halifax, who reminded his daughter that "The government of the domestics, and of the children, is the wife's allotted province, and reason expects her to fill the department well, for if she deserts her station by indolence, or by want of skill, in place of being an help, she will be an incumbrance to the family where she is placed." My wife replied, "Such sage creatures as you learn your tale from others," and immediately she retired.

As his Lordship writes, so I have found, that no respect is durable, but what is founded on real worth, and where our usefulness declines, our respectability must diminish, unless in the autumn of life, when it is the revereing homage due to age. Upon this principle, I suppose the attention of servants and the regard of children, seldom stay with the Mistress that does not think

them worth obtaining, and on the same axiom, I have lived under a full conviction, that the economical and industrious housekeeper makes a better figure in the family, than the gay lady who wilfully relinquishes her title to the government of the household.

Nothing surely can be more absurd than to suppose that the criterion of good breeding is, "*to be good for nothing.*" Or is it an excellent maxim to cast the mantle of carelessness over every thing that requires attention and management, to desert the house, or overlook the family, to admit no cares lest they should generate a few wrinkles. It was the mistake of my wife to think of keeping herself up, by stepping over those duties which ought to have been regarded, though they might not appear sufficiently refined to excite the attention of Lady Heedless. It appears impossible that even a princess should create and preserve respect by the neglect of the duties of her station. It was no small trouble to me, to see my wife take such an unhappy step, since it is by some living quality that the rational

approbation of the good and great are obtained: but nothing can be more perverse than to expect honour and esteem, and at the same time resolve to do nothing praise-worthy. A smiling countenance, and a gay appearance cannot prove such a lasting tenure as to secure the confidence of the reflecting, for the first appearance like nap, soon wears off, and though apparent kindness may remain, the husband recovers his sight, to witness that nothing but substantial worth can render admiration and love durable as life. Virtue, good sense, good management, and kind services will secure lasting respect, But.

"If life's a farce, mere children's play,
"Let the rich trifle it away;
"I cannot model mine to their's,
"For mine has been a life of cares."

Though I have the pleasure of remembering that I did not marry the blind, lame, deformed, diseased, morose, vicious, deceitful, aged, or good for nothing, because there was wealth to advance my flow of sufficiency; yet, as I am allowed to speak the truth, I must affirm, that it was the violence of

the first liking, an admiration of the shape, the varnish and complexion of the person, in connexion with a disregard to those living qualities which are indispensables in a life of harmony, love, confidence, and usefulness. How can the husband be at home, if his bosom friend is a settled foe to order, usefulness, and economy. Reflect then, reader, upon the sentence, that no respect is lasting but that which is produced by usefulness in our station of life.

Who can exclaim, this is a transient topic, when it is a remonstrance against human inconsistency in its current forms, which has betrayed multitudes into the greatest sorrows, by imbittering that part of human life, which, of all others, is most interesting and endearing. The difficulties attendant upon my career have been very great, though I am a daily witness that they are not insurmountable, and it is certainly a cogent reason to pursue the subject of living manners and morals, since the taste of the age is to read, write, and talk about the passing topics of the day.

My wife had not only retired dis-

pleased with the sentiments of Lord Halifax, but the affecting period approached when the strongest symptoms of her dissolution appeared.

"Reflection, where compassion dwells, can hear
The groans of anguish, mark the pallid cheek,
The sinking heart, shed the sorrowing tear,
And pitying heave the sympathetic sigh."

Reflecting one day in the fields, on the temper we had cultivated, and the life we had spent, I could not refrain from weeping aloud under the recollection of her recent keen retort, for the advice I gave my child; when she said, "I warrant you I am like a glow-worm, never to shine but when the sun is withdrawn, and I am not to be seen in the light but by your presence, and if ever any dark shade overtakes you, it is the retrograde motion of such an earthly creature that eclipsed your light." All I could then venture to say was lost, like a soft April shower upon a burning volcano. And must she go from hence with such a temper, with such a frame of mind, how can she meet a holy God? At this moment the following paragraph came into my head with irresistable force: "The children must not be ruined, and

let such parents remember, that if they neglect the due government of their families, there is a hand that can remove them from the seat of that government, and provide better and more faithful overseers in their room, that the children may be taken care of,—and I question not but many fathers and mothers are removed from their families, either by death or disaster, by the direction of Providence, that their children may fall into better hands."

Soon as I returned to the house, my wife accosted me by saying, "When I am gone you will marry again." I thought no, no, may I be forgiven this once, I will spend my days in rectifying among my dear children, the evils of a bad example. As hearing the voice uttered to Moses, the conductor of the children of Israel; "Bear them in your bosom as a nurse is accustomed to bear her child." The same blessed Being has consigned them to me, by the hand of his Providence, they are the purchase of his blood, for whom he has given his life, whom he inhabits as his house by his Spirit, whom may he fill as his temple with his graces; whom he

regards as his members, his brethren, and as co-heirs, of whom he shall make so many kings and priests to God, for ever. These little immortal travellers, by a line that never terminates, he has confided to me; what dignity, and honour in such a commission. I will endeavour to make myself and my God, loved and feared. I will point out inconveniences and dangers—talk and reason with them, on punishment and honour, I will make use of rewards and caresses, render their study rational, scriptural, and pleasant; promote their rest, recreation, zeal in piety, and maintain due order for their safety of body and soul.

Therefore, should these remarks travel at public command, they must go without me, for, alas! widowhood, the cares of a family, and encroaching infirmities, bind their author, that he cannot go with them. Go as an antidote to the morbid excretions of the press, which exhilerate family evils. Go, but then, go without pomp or display, as suits the production of a once troubled husband, but now an unnoticed recluse. Go,

speak the truth, rectify the ills of life; re-establish the ancient empire of sound friendship, parental love, domestic care; mingle with and strengthen those friends who, in their writings, recommend an hasty return to the old British manners, good sense, correct principles, love, and industry. "May thy effort be successful. "Ah, never, perhaps, may these eyes see "thee more, but if thou prove in the "eyes of the intelligent less amiable, I "may live without thee in less pain. "Go, pause not in thy flight from the "breast that gave thee birth, and wishes "well to mankind." Why shouldst thou stop one moment to review the spot, that trials and mercies have rendered dear to my remembrance.

"Even thus two friends condemned,
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die;
Yet, now farewell, and farewell lines with thee."
My hardships since I will not tell
But now no more ———.

Cordeux, Printer, Northampton.

ERRATA.

Page 8. for recline, read *in*cline.—for, read *to*.
10. for viels, read *veils*.
15. for as, read *is*.—for and, read *nor*.
24. for shruged, read *shrugged*.
42. for is, read *his*.
53. for it, read *its*.
55. for premices, read *premises*.
61. for bobins, read *bobbins*.
64. for several painters, read *sev'ral pointers*,
80. line 16, insert *sweet* after friendship.
126. for bamly, read *balmy*.
141. for exhilerate, read *accelirate*.

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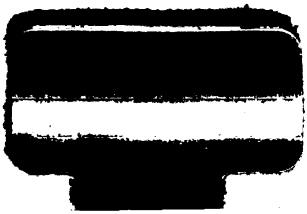
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